HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

VOL. II.—NO. 75.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 5, 1858. [PRICE FIVE CENTS.

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HON. WILLIAM BIGLER, OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE Democratic Senator from Pennsylvania, Mr. William Bigler, was born at Shermansburg, Cumberland County, Pennsylvania, in December, 1814. His parents were of German descent, and were educated, like most of that class known as "Pennsylvania-Germans," in the German language. While the subject of this memoir was very young his parents removed to Mercer County, in what proved to be a disastrous attempt to build up their fortunes; for the elder Bigler had been induced to purchase a large tract of wild land, the title to which was defective, and in a short time he found himself bereft of every thing but a small farm.

The sustenance of his large family depending upon the products of a new farm in a wilderness country, the father, aided as he was by the labors of his children, was obliged to exert himself too severely; and before he had succeeded in placing his family upon a fair footing in the world his frame succumbed to disease, and he passed away, leaving his widow and children to wrestle with the difficulties of a backwoods life. If his dying vision could have looked forward a very few years, he would have beheld two of the children, about whom he must have had great concern, filling the gubernatorial chairs of two of the most important States in the Union—John Bigler, the eldest brother, Governor of California, and William Bigler Governor of Pennsylvania; and, very shortly afterward, one representing his country in an important foreign mission, and the other occupying the highly honorable position of the confidential friend and adviser of the President in the United States Senate.

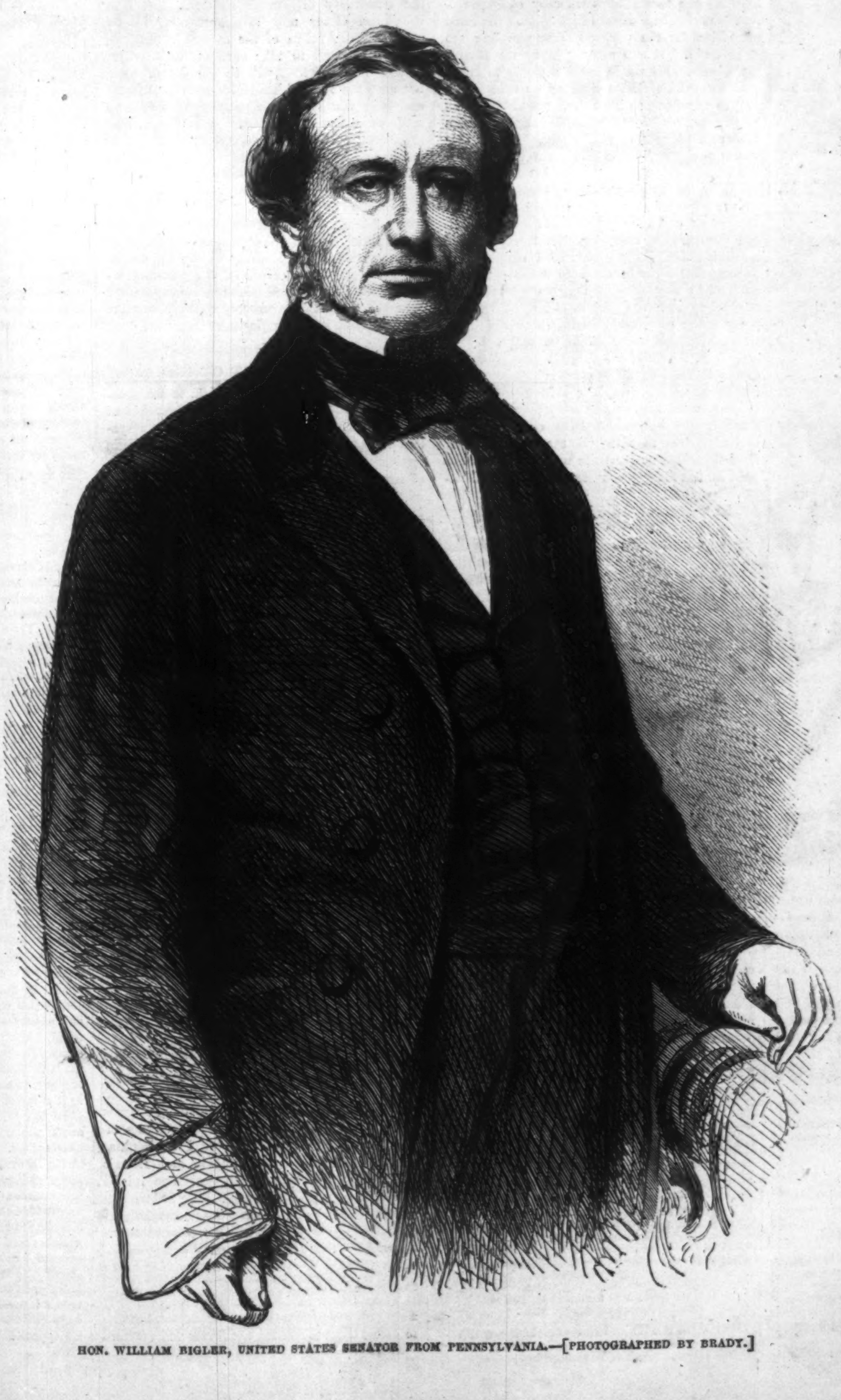
Busily occupied with the labors necessary for the support of the family, William Bigler received but a moderate school education, but he graduated in what we believe to be the best college for the practical development of the talents of a bright boy—the printing-office. From 1829 to 1833 he was employed by his brother John (since Governor of California) in the printing-office of the *Centre Democrat*, published at Bellefonte.

In August, 1833, just twenty-five years ago, he felt that the time had arrived when he ought to commence the edifice of his own fortune; and, his preparations being made, he started for Clearfield (his present residence) with an old hand-press, a set of sheep-skin balls, a font of second-hand long primer and brevier type, and *twenty dollars of borrowed money*, intending to publish a newspaper in Clarion. With all deference to the present dignity of the amiable Senator from Pennsylvania, we can not help running a mental parallel between his venture and that of another distinguished gentleman, whose faith in the prophecy of Bow-bells was so signally and properly rewarded by the thrice-conferred dignity of "Lord Mayor of London." Indeed, so perilous was the enterprise that one of his friends, a prominent Judge residing in Bellefonte, felt it to be his duty to utter the well-meant warning, "Young man, don't go there; you'll starve!" But Mr. Bigler did not think so, and he started with a brave heart, which, however, lost some of its confidence as he neared his destination; for it is related, as one of the most painful of his experiences, that as he approached his journey's end, and reflected upon his utter friendlessness—knowing only two individuals in the whole county of Clearfield—his soul was overcome by the blank, cheerless prospect, and he sought to bribe his teamster with his borrowed twenty dollars into concealing the object of his journey, and to return the goods to their owners in Bellefonte, while he would push on, penniless and afoot, to the far West. Fortunately for him, his design was frustrated; for he was received by the people of Clearfield with such a frank and generous hospitality, that now, a quarter of a century after the event, when surrounded by dignity and wealth, any reference to their kindness to him in that trying time kindles in him the strongest emotion. His press was soon set up and his type distributed; and in a few days he issued the first number of the *Clearfield Democrat*, which he continued to publish until 1836, performing the various functions of compositor, pressman, editor, proof-reader, and publisher; managing his affairs with so much sagacity and prudence that he was speedily enabled to pay for his printing material. He was soon immersed in politics, and very rapidly gained a reputation for energy and shrewdness; nor was his editorial and political fame lessened by his great skill as a marksman, for his hunting friends asserted very confidently that he "never missed a buck, even if it were on the full jump when he fired"—an accomplishment of considerable weight with the early settlers of Pennsylvania.

In 1836 he disposed of the *Clearfield Democrat*, and entered into a mercantile partnership with Mr. A. B. Reed, with whose daughter he had formed another and more sacred partnership in the previous March. His editorial career, however, had brought his abilities so prominently before the notice of the people, that he was repeatedly urged to accept a nomination as candidate for the Legislature. About the period of his marriage and retirement from editorial life, the question of a reform of the State Constitution was agitated with great excitement. On one side it was asserted that, under the old Constitution, the prerogatives of the Governor were almost regal; while, on the opposite side, opposed to every change, were large numbers of office-holders, and many of the wealthiest citizens. Into this contest Mr. Bigler threw his whole energies, and did much toward gaining the victory by which a Convention was obtained for changing the Constitution. As an acknowledgment of his services, he was urged by his friends to serve in this important Convention, but again refused an election.

In 1841, however, his admirers, availing themselves of his absence from the State, nominated him as a candidate for the State Convention; and the best evidence of his personal popularity is afforded by the fact that, with an opposition candidate in the field, only one vote was cast against him in the county of Clearfield, in which he resided. He was twice elected Speaker of the State Senate, and was continued in the Senate up to 1847. During his terms of service some of the most important events in the history of Pennsylvania transpired, and the activity and ability manifested in the leading part which he took in measures which most vitally affected the interests of that great commonwealth laid the foundation for his subsequent honors. It was during his first term of service that the credit of Pennsylvania was injured by her failure to pay the interest on her debt. While the United States Bank was failing, commerce was paralyzed, and consternation and dismay were prompting dishonest measures of relief, an attempt was made to induce the State Legislature to repudiate the public debt. To this Mr. Bigler, as Chairman of the Committee of Finance, opposed a most determined resistance, insisting upon maintaining inviolate the honor of Pennsylvania, and laboring day and night for the passage of a law for taxation to meet the public indebtedness. A friend who was present says: "I well remember the first time he addressed the Senate upon these important financial questions. Without the artificial graces of oratory, his speech was the embodiment of plain common sense and conclusive reasoning. He seized the strong points of the argument, and discussed them in a masterly and convincing manner. His friends were gratified, and his enemies—if, indeed, he had any—were silenced." He was also mainly instrumental in procuring the passage of a law for abolishing imprisonment for debt.

In his second term of service the State was agitated by questions of internal improvement. The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad Company was seeking the right of way through Pennsylvania to Pittsburg, a project which was regarded by the people of Philadelphia as prejudical to their interests; and was successfully op-



HON. WILLIAM BIGLER, UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM PENNSYLVANIA.—[PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.]

posed by Mr. Bigler, who substituted what is regarded as a more favorable road for the State interests—the Pennsylvania Central Railroad, from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, to which the former city is largely indebted for its present commercial prosperity.

In 1848 Mr. Bigler's name was presented to the Democratic Convention for nomination as a candidate for Governor; but, though he received a large vote, the choice fell upon Judge Longstreth, for whose election Mr. Bigler labored assiduously, but this time without success. In 1851, however, he was nominated by acclamation, and, after a contest of unusual severity, he was elected by eight thousand majority. Mr. Bigler made a large number of speeches during that campaign, the leading issue of which was the administration of the Fugitive Slave Law, about which much bitter feeling was provoked by the Christiana tragedy. In his various addresses he asserted the doctrine that the faithful execution of that law is a constitutional obligation of the States, and citizens of the States; and also advocated the non-intervention of Congress in the affairs of the Territories. By a singular coincidence his own election as Governor of Pennsylvania was simultaneous with the election of his elder brother to the same dignity in the new State of California.

The machinery of government did not work very smoothly during Mr. Bigler's gubernatorial career, for a great difference of opinion existed between the Legislature and the Executive upon questions of banks and corporate privileges. During the first session of the Legislature after his inauguration he sent in thirty veto messages, one of which refused his assent to eleven charters for as many new banks.

In 1854 the State Democratic Convention again unanimously nominated him for Governor, and he entered upon another laborious canvass. He had to contend against the "American" party, in addition to his former opponents, and also had to defend the Kansas and Nebraska Bill, to which he gave his indorsement, although it is known that he preferred the first bill, prepared by Mr. Douglas, to the one which ultimately became a law. Defeated in the contest for the Governorship of Pennsylvania, he became President of the Philadelphia and Erie Railroad; but was again called into political life by his election to the United States Senate, in January, 1855.

Entering the Senate with the last Congress, he has had little opportunity to distinguish himself in debate. His contest with Senator Douglas, at the commencement of the present session, has brought him most prominently before the country; but it is in the committee-room, and in the vitally-important work of judicious counsel in those unreported conferences which mould the destinies of nations, that he most distinguishes himself. He is less seen and more felt than almost any gentleman on the Administration side of the Senate. He is continually beset by persons who wish to avail themselves of his known intimate relations with the President; and yet, in this most trying position of personal friend, adviser, and confidant of the Chief Executive, he is a model of urbanity and extreme courtesy of demeanor toward those who approach him even for favors. He is one of the rare men whom dignity and fortune do not spoil. His fine appearance and genial countenance are fair indices of his character. We do not believe he has an enemy even among his political opponents.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, June 5, 1858.

THE BRITISH AGGRESSIONS ON AMERICAN COMMERCE.

The reader will find elsewhere accounts of a couple of fresh outrages by the British cruisers off the coast of Cuba. The limits of this sheet forbid our giving a detailed narrative of all the outrages which have been perpetrated by the same cruisers upon our vessels within the past month. Suffice it to say that nearly thirty American vessels, engaged in lawful commerce, and bearing the United States flag, have been compelled to bring to, boarded and visited by British vessels of war. We need hardly add—for who is ignorant of the fact?—that the news has aroused the national temper almost to the war point, and that the Senate has felt it necessary to adopt resolutions of the most decided and almost belligerent character. Senator Mason, who was at first disposed to pooh, pooh! the whole affair as a mere newspaper tale, now sees the propriety of joining issue squarely with the British Government on the long-disputed question of the right of visitation; Senator Douglas is willing to assign the liberties of the nation to a Presidential despot for the sake of punishing the English; and that paragon of senatorial wisdom, Senator Toombs, joins hands for once with Senator Wilson, of Massachusetts, and, in the language of a pugilist, begs to be "counted in" the fight which his patriotic emotions demand.

One can perhaps understand and make allowance for the warmth and vehemence displayed by the Senate. That body is well known to be composed of almost beardless youths, whose tempers have not yet been toned down to moderation. It would perhaps be unreasonable to expect them to display the mature gravity and sober caution which are the characteristics of age.

But there is no reason why the public at large should follow the example of these hot-headed youths, and debate this serious question with the fury of raw recruits. It is possible, perhaps, to be cool and deliberate even in considering a British outrage upon the national flag. Anger is no doubt wholesome on certain occasions; but this is one on which cool reason may serve our purpose better.

At the time this country began to have a national navy, Great Britain exercised, by right of usurpation, the privilege of stopping and searching foreign merchant vessels on the high seas. There was no warrant for the practice in the books of international or maritime law. She exercised the right because she chose to do so, and because she had the power. For a series of years American merchant vessels were subject to be stopped on the high seas by British cruisers, and searched for British sailors—who then, as now, manned the bulk of our ships. Repeated remonstrance and protest against this unjustifiable and insolent practice failing to induce Great Britain to relinquish it, war was at length declared by the United States. It was carried on with various fortune for a couple of years. Both countries wearying of the strife, peace was declared. But in the treaty of peace not a word was said of the issue on which the war had been waged. No settlement of the question was effected. So far as the right of search was concerned the war left both nations in *statu quo*—the English asserting their pretended right, the United States denying it as before.

Practically, however, the United States partially carried their point. While the Government of England refrained from any official declaration of a new policy on the subject, they tacitly abandoned all claim to search American vessels for British seamen. The United States remained content with this practical victory.

In 1842, treaty stipulations were concluded between the two nations whereby each promised to maintain a certain squadron on the coast of Africa for the purpose of suppressing the slave-trade. It was attempted by the British diplomatist who concluded that treaty to interpolate therein a clause binding the contracting parties to submit to have their vessels searched by the cruisers of either; to this the American Government refused to consent. But as that Government agreed to the main principle of the Treaty, namely, the suppression of the slave-trade by the employment of armed squadrons on the coast of Africa, the British plenipotentiary could well afford to yield the point. Without the right of visitation, the treaty became a nullity, and the omission of a clause sanctioning that right in so many words could not be held by any reasonable person to imply a renunciation on the part of either contracting party of the only feasible method by which the purpose of the treaty could be attained. In fact, from the first, the English vessels on the coast of Africa have systematically searched all suspected vessels, whether sailing under the United States flag or any other; and latterly, since higher exigencies have compelled the United States to withdraw the bulk of their force from that station, the work of search has been almost altogether relinquished to the British.

The treaty proved a failure. It did not meet the ends sought. Under the circumstances—new laws of Brazil excluding slavers from that country, and Cuba remaining the only market for the raw African—the British Government lately resolved to alter their tactics, and to assail the traffic, not on the coast of Africa, but on the shore of Cuba—not at the point of production, but at the market where alone the product is available. This resolution—which was formed a few days only before Lord Palmerston's overthrow—was strangely fortified by a recent dispatch from General Cass to Lord Napier, in which the Secretary sneered bitterly at the British exploits on the African coast, and inquired why, if the English had the suppression of the slave-trade so much at heart, they did not assail it in Cuba? We now perceive that they have assailed it in Cuba—assailed it, in fact, by establishing a positive blockade of the island—whether with or without the consent of the Spanish authorities we can not tell, and matters not.

To carry out this blockade, they have searched every vessel, Americans as well as others, on the coast, to see whether they were slavers.

They have done so on the plea that if the mere hoisting of the American flag is to protect a vessel from search, then the treaty is waste paper, as, of course, every slaver will adopt that precaution. They claim the right of ascertaining by actual observation whether or no the American flag is rightly hoisted, and whether it covers slavers or lawful merchandise. This they do not call a right of search, but a right of visitation—though it would puzzle a lexicographer to find out any substantial difference between the terms.

It is evident that the English plea is sound. If armed squadrons are to suppress the slave-trade by the seizure of slavers, they must have the right of stopping and examining all vessels which seem likely to contain slaves. Without such a right, the operations of the squadrons would be ridiculously futile. They would be in the position of a watchman set to guard property but scrupulously forbidden to look at any intruder upon the premises. And the wrathful vaporing of the United States Senate—when we have on the Statute Book an Act in which we bargain conjointly with England to put down the slave-trade, by the employment of armed squadrons—at the commission of acts without which that bargain would become a mere nullity, certainly redounds but slightly to the credit of that august body's common sense.

On the other hand, it is quite plain that the right of search or visitation claimed by Great Britain, is a palpable invasion of the sovereignty of the United States. The principle that the flag covers the ship and cargo is too obvious and too generally admitted to need comment at the present day. No nation can submit to allow its vessels to be searched by the cruisers of another nation without abdicating some portion of its sovereignty; and the nation which claims any such right of visitation, arrogates to itself authority and dominion over every nation with regard to whose ships that right is exercised. Were the United States to submit to the practice now asserted by Great Britain, they would tacitly admit the legal supremacy and general police authority of the latter on the high seas.

It is evident that this can not be done. It is clear that we must put an end to this right of search or visitation. But it is unnecessary and absolutely silly to get into a rage about the matter; for it is clear as noonday that we brought these outrages on ourselves by making the treaty of 1842. That treaty never could have been carried into effect without the visitation of American ships; and as we made and ratified it, it is nonsense now to clamor at a consequence which must have been foreseen at the time it was executed.

We anticipate no trouble with Great Britain. The people of England will not go to war with us. Nor would we with them. England, after the customary diplomatic struggle, will give way, and either new arrangements will be made for the police of the ocean, or that police will be left to take care of itself. The foolish treaty of 1842 will be abrogated. For the rest, the idea of hostilities is preposterous, and only worthy of the petty politicians who trade in national enmities. It is not a little significant that the waters where this late dispute arose were also the scene of the gallant devotion of the British sailors and doctors who, a few weeks ago, saved the survivors of our *Susquehannah* from the most terrible of deaths; and that the first American officer who has been dispatched to the scene of action is he who presented the *Resolute* to the Queen of England, and assured her of the personal attachment and respect which his countrymen bear her. Such men are very unlikely to strike the first blow in an Anglo-American war.

THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA.

We alluded, in a recent number, to the probable difficulties which the British Government would have to encounter in framing a new system of Government for the reconquered Indian territory. We are now placed in possession of further information on the subject. Votes of the House of Commons prove that Parliament is resolved at all events to oust the control of the British Possessions in India out of the hands of the East India Company, and to vest that control elsewhere. The question to be decided is—who shall succeed the Company in administering the Government of the hundred and fifty millions of souls who are, directly or indirectly, subject to British authority in India?

Two plans have been proposed, one by Lord Palmerston, the other by Mr. Disraeli. The former contemplates the establishment of a board of control for India, without constitutional restrictions; the members of said board to be appointed by the Queen, and to be responsible only to her. The plan of which Mr. Disraeli claims the paternity is identical in detail with that of Lord Palmerston; but it proposes to vest the supreme authority over Indian affairs in a board composed partly of officials appointed by the Queen, partly of old East India Directors, and partly of persons elected by the chief seaports of England. The numerical proportions of the three different classes of members are so contrived that the Crown members shall be in a minority. Mr. Disraeli therefore claims that his scheme is the more democratic of the two.

It is much easier to find faults than merits in both schemes. It is positively monstrous, at the present day, to propose to govern India by the agency of an irresponsible board of foreign despots, many of whom may never have set foot in India. But it is equally ridiculous to contemplate the creation of sea-port constituencies with especial authority over foreign provinces. We shall best realize the absurdity of Mr. Disraeli's plan by supposing that Congress had passed a law vesting the protectorate of Mexico in the cities of New York, Philadelphia, and Boston. How would Ohio and Illinois relish such a disfranchisement? The inland constituencies of Great Britain have as large an interest in her colonial dependencies as the seaport towns; they surely will not consent to be thrust into the background in the unceremonious manner contemplated by the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The American idea, in the case of newly acquired possessions in a state of tutelage, is to direct them to assume the forms and outward semblance of sovereignty; the parent authority reserving sufficient control to prevent mischief. This very simple and just system does not seem to have occurred to the English. Yet it does not clearly appear that any serious evil would flow from at least a trial of the plan in India. If the Residencies happened to form part of our dominion, we should erect them into Territories, and expect them to elect Territorial legislatures. We should appoint governors, intrust them with the veto power, and should sustain them, in case of need, with an ample military force. If the Territories elected men who showed themselves competent to the task of self-government, we should, after a time, admit them into the Union, as equal and co-ordinate commonwealths; if they did not, we should keep them in a state of pupilage till they did.

It is very singular that this simple idea—the education of peoples for the trade of self-government—should not have occurred to the British mind. The experiments now in progress must end with this.

Messrs. Bangs, Brother, & Co., auctioneers, will sell on the 9th, 10th, and 11th of June, about five hundred paintings, which deserve the attention of lovers of art. They are a collection made in Rome at the time when the French entered the city. Many of them are undoubtedly originals of value, although no great pretense is made by the gentlemen who sell them. They are put up in very rough condition, but artists and amateurs will thank us for calling their attention to the sale, which differs so much from ordinary picture auctions in New York that we have departed from our usual custom in noticing it. Every one who pretends to be a lover of art should make a point of seeing the collection.

MY FAIR LOVE.

Little keen-billed bird!
Hadst thou ever heard
How sweeter than sweet berries,
How riper than ripe cherries,
Are the lips of my fair love,
Thou'dst quit thy perch above,
And droop where, musing free,
She dreams—but not of me!—beneath the fruited tree.

O busy bee! couldst tell
How than each honeyed bell,
Spiced pink, or dewy rose
That in the morning glows,
Is sweeter my love's kiss,
Thou'dst spread, for such rare bliss,
Thy glancing wings, and light—
But lightly light!—to drink from her red lips so bright.

I would, O bird! O bee!
My love—so coy to me—
Should let ye steal anigh
Her lips, that ye might die,
Lost in a boundless gain
Of sharp delicious pain;
I'd creep, to breathe her breath,
Into your shells, content to die your blissful death!

THE LOUNGER.

SOME NEW BOOKS.

It is certainly one good result of the commercial crisis that the weekly publication of the weakest novels has been interrupted, and that we may have some chance of really enjoying a good new book. Yet no one who is familiar with the natural history of publishing but must sigh over the goodly lists of "Just published"—knowing, as he does, how few of the books that come fluttering before the public eye will ever be heard of after that announcement; while in the announcement itself Tupper is as important as Shakespeare. As the Lounger, however, is about to mention two or three new books, he begs the authors, if by chance they should honor him with a glance, not to consider this little preface as personal to their productions. On the contrary, the Lounger begs to assure them that he has no doubt that ———, and is sure that ———, and all discriminating judges will allow that ———. In fact, there can not be two opinions in either of the cases supposed.

Dr. Peck's "Wyoming," historical and romantic, treats of a region which is not only among the most picturesquely and poetically famous of American scenes, but which is becoming every year more visited by artists, tourists, and students. A lovely landscape in the Academy, this year, reveals the character of the charm of the valley, which is confirmed by the enthusiasm of all who have seen it. Dr. Peck's work is a historical monograph, the result of personal investigation, and may serve to remind the citizen who is sketching his summer's campaign that, not far away, in the corner of Pennsylvania, and accessible by rail through delightful scenery, is a region as familiar to the imagination as it is novel to the eye.

In the "Life of George Stephenson" we have one of the most interesting and valuable of modern biographies. It is not the story of a man merely, but of a system. It is the history of railroads, and of the man whose peculiar genius has been of more influence in their development than that of any other individual. Born the son of a collier—learning to read when he was eighteen—mending watches and boots in his leisure hours—with a shrewd mechanical genius, he improved the machinery he found about him—he invented a safety lamp upon the same principles as Davy's, and just before him—he constructed and worked locomotive engines—until, at last, in the face of the most stolid opposition, and the sneering skepticism of English science and common sense, he surveyed the Liverpool and Manchester Railway—built the locomotive to run upon it—organized one of the most powerful institutions of civilization, and so conquered the respect of England and the honor of the world.

The history of the railway enterprise in Great Britain, as it is here related, is one of the most striking upon record. It is the most humiliating chapter for "science" and "common sense." The so-called practical men and professions ought to hide their heads for a year after reading this book, and never again plume themselves upon their superiority. The English Parliament, the most eminent lawyers, including Alderson and Baron Parke—men of science, with that unctuous blunderer, Dr. Lardner, at the head—pished and poohed at the idea of traveling twelve miles an hour. Dr. Lardner, in particular, was conspicuously wrong-headed and absurd; and we notice it the more particularly because a recent effort has been made to show that he did *not* complete his proof that steamers could not cross the Atlantic at the very moment they *did* so! However that may be—and the Doctor certainly seems to have been maligned by some false report—there is no question that he insisted that if you could persuade the wheels of locomotives to turn as rapidly as Stephenson claimed they would merely revolve upon their axes and the car stand still! He also proved, by incontestible figures, that the air in tunnels would be so poisoned by coal combustion that people must be suffocated! and, in fact, made as many laughable mistakes as it was possible to make under the circumstances. Dr. Lardner's demonstrations were like the pompous assertion of a man whose friend was sitting in the stocks. "What are you sitting there for?" "Why," replied the culprit, "I've been robbing hen-roosts." "Pooh, pooh! they can't put you in the stocks for robbing hen-roosts." "Can't they, indeed?" said the unfortunate; "*but here I am!*" So Dr. Lardner proved that steam couldn't do this, and couldn't do that—and steam was busily doing it all the time. Afterward the good Doctor flew over to the other extreme, and proved, with Brunel, that people could be shot along exhausted receivers a hundred miles an hour.

Perhaps they may. For the moral of this most delightful and instructive biography is, that there is no limit to mechanical progress. The most hospitable faith is the deepest wisdom.

But how shall we turn from coal-mines and locomotives to Arabian fairy-land—from Dr. Dionysius Lardner (Dr. Ignatius Loyola, Yellowplush called him) to Haroun al Raschid—from stokers and pokers to viziers, emirs, handmaidens, and the Princess Abbassa? Certainly there was never a more dainty slip of a volume than Mr. Aldrich's new poem, "The Course of True Love never did Run Smooth." But the course of the verse does so. It slips along like "lucent sirops tinct with cinnamon." The little poem recites the loves and fate of the Vizier Giaffer and the Caliph's sister, Abbassa. But what the story is we shall not say, for you can read it for yourself in half an hour. In one thing, at least, it is truly Eastern—that among roses, moonlight, gems, and fountains, there is also the blackest horror. Oriental luxury is like the smooth repose of a tiger. It is death in abeyance.

The poem pleases us more than Mr. Aldrich's "Babie Bell," which is very popular; and we are glad to see a volume of his collected poems announced. When they appear we shall return to him.

One more new book is Mrs. Viele's "Following the Drum." It has all the typographical neatness which marks the publications of Rudd & Carleton—but what more can a candid Lounger say? The author is evidently the wife of a military officer, and accompanied him to camp in Texas.—As before remarked, the typography is very neat!

CAGLIOSTRO, JUN.

If there be truth in the theory that disembodied spirits communicate with those in the flesh through tipping tables and cracking toe-joints, or through individuals still living, there can be little doubt that the late lamented Count Alexander Cagliostro, *né* Joseph Balsamo, is revisiting the glimpses of the moon in the personality of Mr. Hume. This gentleman was born a little more than a century since, and his career—especially at the Court of Versailles, in connection with the famous "queen's necklace"—is one of the remarkable episodes of French history at the close of the last century. Mr. Hume likewise has been the most conspicuously mysterious of personages in Paris during the last two years, and has lately married a young Russian lady of good family and of good fortune; and, according to the *Times* correspondence from Paris, has been luxuriously feasted by the *élite* of "the aristocracy" of Paris. This is not new to his eminence the Count Cagliostro, who had no warmer friend than the Cardinal di Rohan. Whether as Hume or Cagliostro, Signor Joseph Balsamo invests himself with superb mystery. Like master, like man; it is not surprising that the successor of the *élite* which believed in Cagliostro should believe in Mr. Hume.

THE GERMANS A-MAYING.

We owe two great debts to our German fellow-citizens—music and lager-beer. The professional musicians of that nation, who live and teach and play among us, are probably seven-tenths of the whole number in the country; and wherever there is a German, he is not only a drinker of lager, but the cause of lager's being drunk—notwithstanding Dr. Doremus declares it has less intoxicating element than cider.

And there is still one more obligation under which they have placed us, and that is, the annual proof that thousands of people may meet for a frolic in the fields without undue riot and drunkenness. Any people or any person who should teach the American how to enjoy himself, would deserve the most lasting memorial of national gratitude. The present national idea of enjoyment is, driving five miles in fifteen minutes, and getting drunk at the end of it. The Fourth of July is consequently the dismalest day in our calendar. It is neither simple, picturesque, nor pleasant, as you see it in the streets and country. The Yankee thinks it is spoony to dance, and play games, and sing, but manly to fight and get drunk. The German scorns neither music nor dancing nor playing; drinks his lager and adores his *Liebchen*. The result is, that their Whitmonday is a much more agreeable affair than our Fourth of July.

But we shall learn, as we have learned. Rum and lager are not very likely to flow together; and it may be a safe prophecy that, when we are a lager-drinking nation, instead of a rum or brandy drinking, our festivals will be much more festive and picturesque.

THE REGATTA.

The prettiest aquatic sight of the year is the Yacht Regatta in June. The course from the Yacht-house in Hoboken down through the Narrows brings the whole fleet close together, in the strait between Staten Island and Fort Hamilton, and as they stretch away with their long, pointed white sails, toward the southwest spit, the usually solitary expanse of the lower bay sparkles with eager life.

Such a sport is in advance of the old Grecian games, of racing in chariots. It is better than the Roman habit of gladiatorial combats. It is more manly than Spanish bull-fights or English bruising. Yachting subserves all the noble ends of manly sports, without fostering the brutality which has been hitherto almost inseparable from them. While it does this for the yachters and their friends, it does what none of the others did; it provides a poetic spectacle for every body who chooses to look. In other days, festivals were of another kind; and for the sake of the singular comparison between our pleasures and those of another age, the Lounger quotes an admirable description of a Roman aquatic spectacle. It is compiled from Suetonius and Tacitus by a recent Quarterly Reviewer:

"In the reign of the Emperor Claudius, on a brilliant summer morning, the glassy lake of Fucino exhibited a scene of unusual festivity. The surrounding heights were crowded with countless spectators of every age and rank, arranged as in some vast natural amphitheatre. On a promontory overhanging the lake, the Emperor, in military array, and the Empress Agrippina in a gold embroidered dress, were seated in state. One of the greatest works of imperial Rome had just been completed. A tunnel of great length had been bored through the mountains which separate the lake from the valley of the Liris, in order to reduce its waters to a lower and more convenient level (a purpose which it answers at the present moment), and the sluices were now to be opened for the first time. It was a sight well worth seeing; but it was not for this that the master of the world and so many of his slaves were assembled.

"Two imperial fleets of triremes and quadriremes, supplied with all the munitions of war and ranged in hostile array, floated proudly on the surface of the lake. The galleys were manned with slaves, gladiators, and malefactors, to the number of 11,000, doomed to mutual slaughter 'to make imperial Rome a holiday.' At a signal given from the trumpet of a silver Triton, the armaments began to move, and the multitudes on the banks were hushed in breathless expectation. Previously to the action the vessels passed in review before the imperial pavilion, and as they majestically swept by, the crews shouted, in melancholy cadence, 'Ave Imperator, morituri te salutant!' (Hail! Emperor, the doomed to die salute thee.) Perhaps the thrilling solemnity of the moment may have unstrung the nerves of these fierce men, or the gayety and brilliancy of the scene may have predisposed them to a sudden revulsion of feeling; but the commonplace return of their salutation by the Emperor, 'Avete et vos,' awoke in them the hope and desire of life. They could not—they would not—believe that even in *his* lips those words of grace could mean the confirmation of a sentence of death. 'They were pardoned,' they said; 'they *would* not fight.'

"Claudius was transported with rage. In his want of dignity and in his ungainly weakness of carriage ('fœda vacillatione') he seems to have resembled James I. of England. He rushed down to the beach, which was defended by guards and fortified with stakes to prevent the escape of the condemned crews, and by mingled threats of total extermination and promises of pardon to the victors he induced them to begin the battle; but though much blood was shed, the carnage was spiritless and without interest. The day from which so much had been anticipated was a failure. When the waters were let off, the sluices were opened without due precaution, and many accidents occurred, nor was the expected effect produced. The levels had not been correctly taken, and the work was still incomplete. The court retired in vexation and ill-humor, and the day ended in a scolding-match between the favorite Narcissus and the Empress Agrippina: each too proud to truckle to a rival, and neither as yet powerful enough to subvert the other."

OTHER SPORT.

The meanest and most brutal thing two men can do together is to pommel each other to jellies. It is a business which has become a kind of science in England; which has its peculiar nomenclature and technology; and which furnishes curious material for a species of newspaper called, by some ghastly conceit, "sporting" papers. Last year about this time, there was an elaborate account of a fighting-match between two English bullies, which was written with such gusto that it was copied into several of our daily journals, as an illustration of a particular tendency of national character. "The manly art"—of which two mad bulls goring each other, or an elephant and a rhinoceros, are the most eminent "professors"—was illustrated by a party of people, within a few days, upon Long Island. Now that in a community like that of the city of New York there should be bruisers, as there are drunkards, gamblers, thieves, forgers, and murderers, is not surprising. But that a procession of them from a bar-room to the neighboring fields, skillfully eluding the police upon the way, should be considered a matter so noteworthy that respectable papers should give a leading place to a prolonged and detailed account, is an unpleasant fact.

Upon the ground of "news," what kind of filthy detail may not be permissible? If it be the duty of the public press (for whose influence and position in civilized society, see the public press) to inform the reader of every thing that happens, why is not the public intoxication of a legislator a matter of quite as much interest to the general mind as the fight of a couple of bar-room bullies? What disgusting incident of any kind is it not, by this rule, the duty of the journalist to record? Last year the papers were crammed with all the prurient details of a criminal trial in Boston, in which the accused person was a clergyman. There are many books sold stealthily in the corridors of hotels which are less dangerous to public morals than the newspapers which contained the story of that case.

Because liberty is good, is there no such thing as license? Because a State censorship of the press is out of the question, are decent and dignified men who edit newspapers to exercise no discretion? Would they describe hundreds of things that are done in this city, simply because they *are* done, and might make the paper sell? Because it is good that courts should be open to the public, is it never wrong to print every detail of every case? The Boston court was open to the public. Would any editor like to have seen his wife or children pressing in to the trial? If he would not, why should he take pains to lay the disgusting story before the eyes of other people's wives and children?

If the incessant claim of the press (which we are far from denying) be well founded, that it is the great popular power and influence, is not its responsibility commensurate? That a newspaper should absolutely reflect the times, or contain a notice of every thing that happens, is impossible. That it should put in every thing it can get hold of, is a principle upon which no paper practically proceeds; because the interest that would be excited, the sale that would be promoted, by the publication of what any reporter might hear and see in a single night of city life, would be a thousand-fold greater than any interest in news from Venezuela or "our Little Tom-big-bee correspondence," and yet no newspaper ventures to do it. If, then, there be choice and responsibility, is it not time that decent men who are responsible for newspapers, excluded jocular accounts of prize-fights and all the items of certain trials?

"GO, AND SIN NO MORE!"

There is presently to be a Shakespearian reading for the Magdalen Female Benevolent Society. The Lounger knows nothing of the Society, but it is concerned with one of the saddest of social questions. Science and religion both shrink from it. It is of that nature as not readily to be discussed, nor does the time seem yet to have come in which there will be some kind of active and effective consideration of it. Yet that is only because the man has not come who will boldly and firmly deal with it.

Oh, the unfortunates that walk gayly clad in the gaslight! Oh, the hopeless unhappiness that lies under painted smiles, like dead men's bones in whited sepulchres! No woman starving with her children in a cellar or a garret is a sight so sad as the woman in silk and spangles who walks alone by night! She too is walking to that garret; but when she reaches it, desolation without and despair within shall make the cup yet more bitter!

At least we can pity them, if we can not help them. We can open our hearts, if not our hands. We can remember that they are human still, however fallen—that all the promises and hopes are theirs as well as ours; and in every way we can give our sympathy to the efforts making to provide some retreat, some asylum, something, where they can lie down, and die—if that is it—in decency.

RACHEL.

The world certainly contrives to get the most out of its celebrities. While Rachel lived, every incident of her life was annually reproduced; and in every style of art the great actress was represented. Now that she is dead her property has been sold—her jewelry, her books, her dresses, her furniture, and—by itself—her bed and canopy. Detailed descriptions have flown upon every wind. The heart of Parisian gossip has been satisfied. But avarice is not so easily quieted. As if in the career of this hapless woman, whose life seems all the more a tragedy from the brief splendor of its triumph, nothing should be sacred or private—as if to prove finally to the world how truly in a thousand scenes the actress had represented the death-struggle—a photograph of Rachel in the last agony of life was taken, and, with some changes, is now exhibiting. It was done by her relatives. A Paris correspondent of a city paper says: "What their object was in thus disturbing the last moments of the dying *tragédienne* it is not proper to judge." But before he completes his paragraph he answers his own question. "While living, she was the resource of her Hebrew family; now that she is dead, they continue the exploitation of her body and her memory." Not, probably, because they are Hebrews, but because they are inhumanly avaricious; and avarice is not the vice of a race, but of humanity. How easily might the imagination conceive the genius which has left no peer behind, murmuring in the increased intelligence of a higher sphere:

> "Imperious Cæsar, dead, and turned to clay,
> Might stop a hole to keep the wind away:
> Oh, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
> Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw!"

A POEM BY THE LATE H. W. HERBERT.

An early number of the *Literary World*, for April 10, 1847, contained a copy of verses by the unhappy man who recently killed himself and asked to have *Infelicissimus* carved upon his headstone. They have been recalled by one who knew him well, and are a memorial of a mind and heart whose scholarship and warmth were not enough to save him from a tragical fate.

MY HOME.

"A home! a home! yes! yes! though still and small,
I have a home! where soft the shadows fall
From the dim pine-tree, and the river's sigh,
Like voices of the dead, wails ever nigh;
Nor hearth is there, nor hall, nor festive place,
Nor welcome smile of that bewitching face,
Nor the low laughter, nor the sweet fond tone,
That made pain pleasant—yet it is my own—
My heart's own home, where'er my foot may tread,
Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

"Let others turn, when each has ceased to roam,
To the calm pleasures of his childish home—
Let others turn, when day's hot toil is o'er,
To that pure kiss which greets them at the door;
To that bright eye which kindles at the sound
Of their known footstep, shedding glory round:
I have nor childish home, nor earthly hold—
The kiss that breathed upon my lips is cold;
The eye that beamed for me is dimmed and dead—
Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

"Earth has no home that can with mine compare,
For thou, my own lost one, for thou art there.
It matters not that they are sealed in death,
Those founts of light, and still the balmy breath,
And wan the radiant lip and lustrous brow—
It matters not—for it is always thou!
It matters not, how cold, if I at last,
On that true heart of mine, when all is past,
May pillow once again my lonely head—
Oh, for my narrow house and lowly bed!

"Oh, weary-waste and weary is the day,
And weary is the night—oh! wellaway!
For anguish wakens with the rising morn,
And sleepless sorrow of the night is born!
And years must pass, long years, ere I shall run
To that dear spot which fools are fain to shun.
The only home which now my soul doth crave,
Thy home—the long, the last—thine early grave.
Oh, that for me the bridal sheets were spread
Now, in my narrow house and lonely bed!

"Philadelphia, *April* 10, 1844."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—Enuff is naturally displeased with Trelawny's treatment of the dead Byron. Perhaps, also, Enuff does not enjoy the poetry of Browning. Far be it from the Lounger to insinuate that his correspondent thinks it nonsensical. But even if he should, he may remember that the London Philharmonic Society would not play such stuff as Beethoven's Heroic Sympathy:

"Mr. Lounger,—*Humorous Sir:* We are hearing something nowadays about Byron, Shelley, and Trelawny—Trelawny, the man whose morbid curiosity allowed him to forget the wishes of his friend, the poet Byron, almost before he was cold in death—the man who has the great distinction of letting the world know that Byron's legs were withered to the knee, and that his feet were club feet. Wonderful disclosure! How important to mankind!

"I must say that I prefer to hear of Byron's servant, from whom we have not heard these astonishing facts. I should like to know if he was a man of such honor that he did not reveal this misfortune of his master even after his death.

"Let us respect him!

"As a quite irrelevant subject, let me submit the following beautiful lines. They were indited at the witching hour of night by a friend of mine, and there is a certain something about them that has always given me a certain expression of countenance when I thought of them. Here they are:

"'Twas midnight, and the setting sun was rising in the west;
The rapid river slowly run; the peacock's in her nest;
The pensive goose and playful cow
Gayly leap from bough to bough.'

"Enuff."

"Mr. Lounger.—Did you ever read the following:

"'Who the dickens Boz could be,
Puzzled many a learned elf;
Till time revealed the mystery,
And Boz appeared as Dickens' self!'

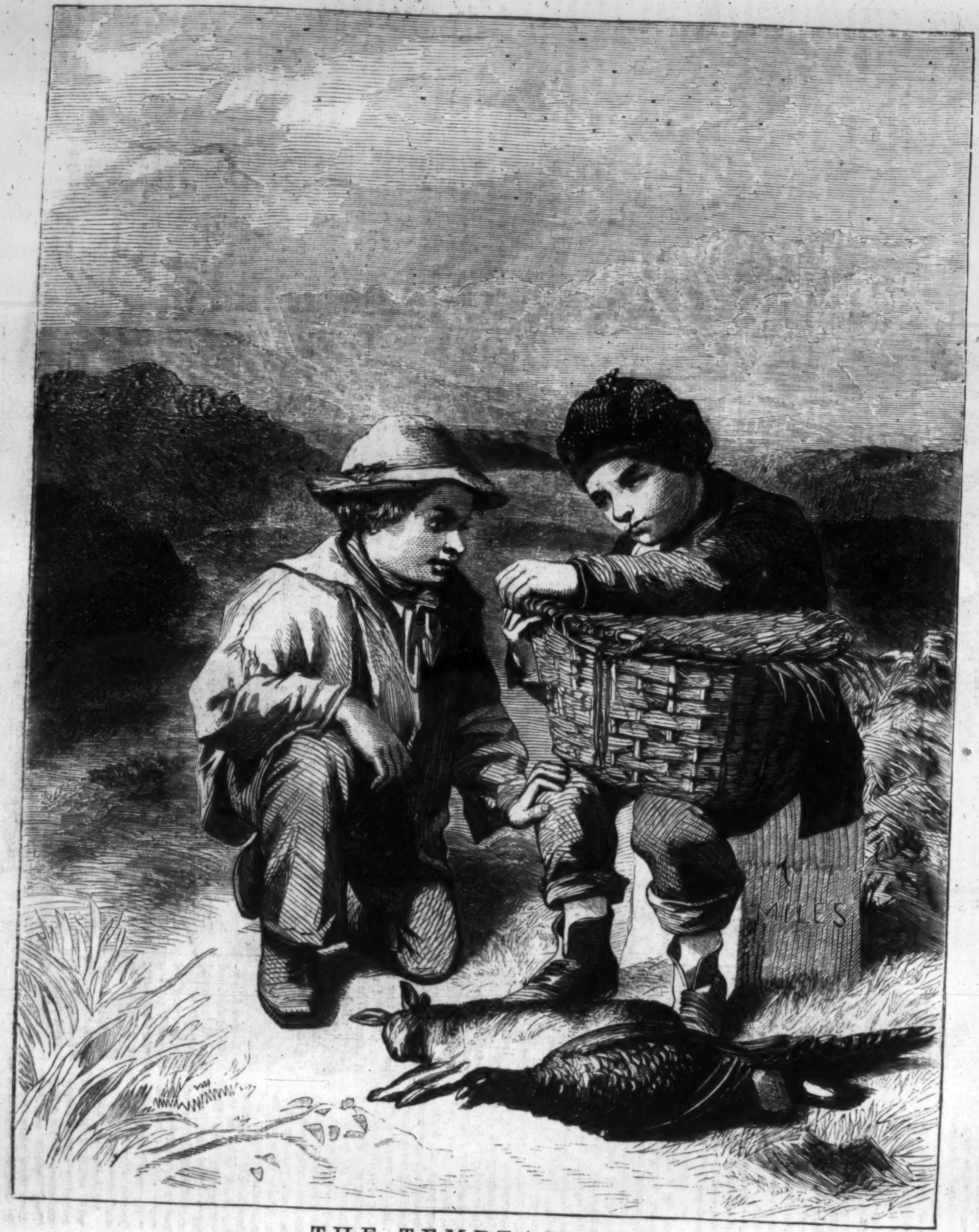
"A dull reader of the *Weekly* frequently finds himself laboring under a similar perplexity as to whether the Editor, when he leaves his sanctum, turns 'Lounger' or not; and, while waiting for a solution, he wishes to present the following testimonial to the worth and excellence of the *Weekly*, contained in a letter written by a 'School-teacher' now in Maryland, and a graduate of the 'Philadelphia Central High School:'

"'*Harper's Weekly*, as usual, contains articles rich in amusement, valuable in instruction, excellent in wood-cuts and engravings, and life-like and varied in its sketches of our great and mighty intellects. In my humble estimate it stands unrivaled as a literary paper. May it long continue to flourish, and may its generous editors (for editors must be generous, and are not all good editors as appreciative as they are generous of the estimation in which their efforts to please and edify are held by their readers?) long hold their distinguished position in the reading world!' Kensington."

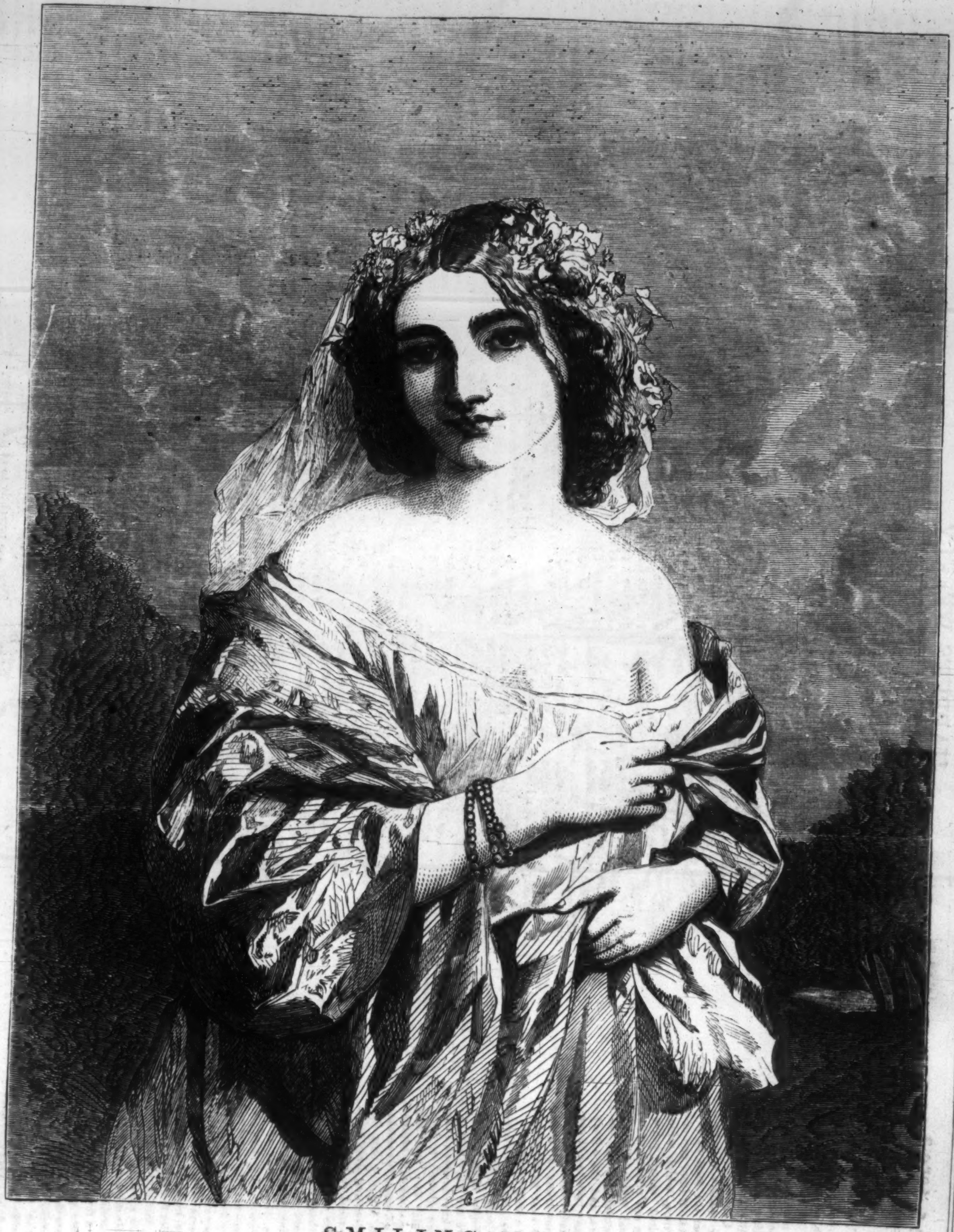
—Mrs. Mary Wiggin is determined to have a new shawl—a new India crape—and be in the fashion. Let Mr. Wiggin consider this:

"Yes, I *must* have a crape! And who ever knew a woman fail to accomplish any end she undertook? Pile up obstacles Alps high, and they only strengthen her purpose and feed her faculty of climbing mountains. I am quite sure if nautical science had pronounced the *Leviathan* 'a failure!' or the Atlantic telegraph 'impossible!' some woman would have proved to the contrary, '*if she had thought it worth her while to do so!*' Then turn her aims to being fine as a butterfly, frail as a fairy, or nervous and 'of no account,' and can she not succeed? Think, then! *Will* I not have a 'Calcutta?' To be sure! And though I believe in Longfellow's doctrine, 'Suffer and be strong,' as a good tonic for *masculinity*, how to bring it about without making my 'beloved' toss nightly upon a restless pillow?"

That is the question; and Mrs. Wiggin would like to know if any lady has discovered any other way of conquering a crape than by teasing the amiable Wiggin.



THE TEMPTATION.



SMILING MORN.

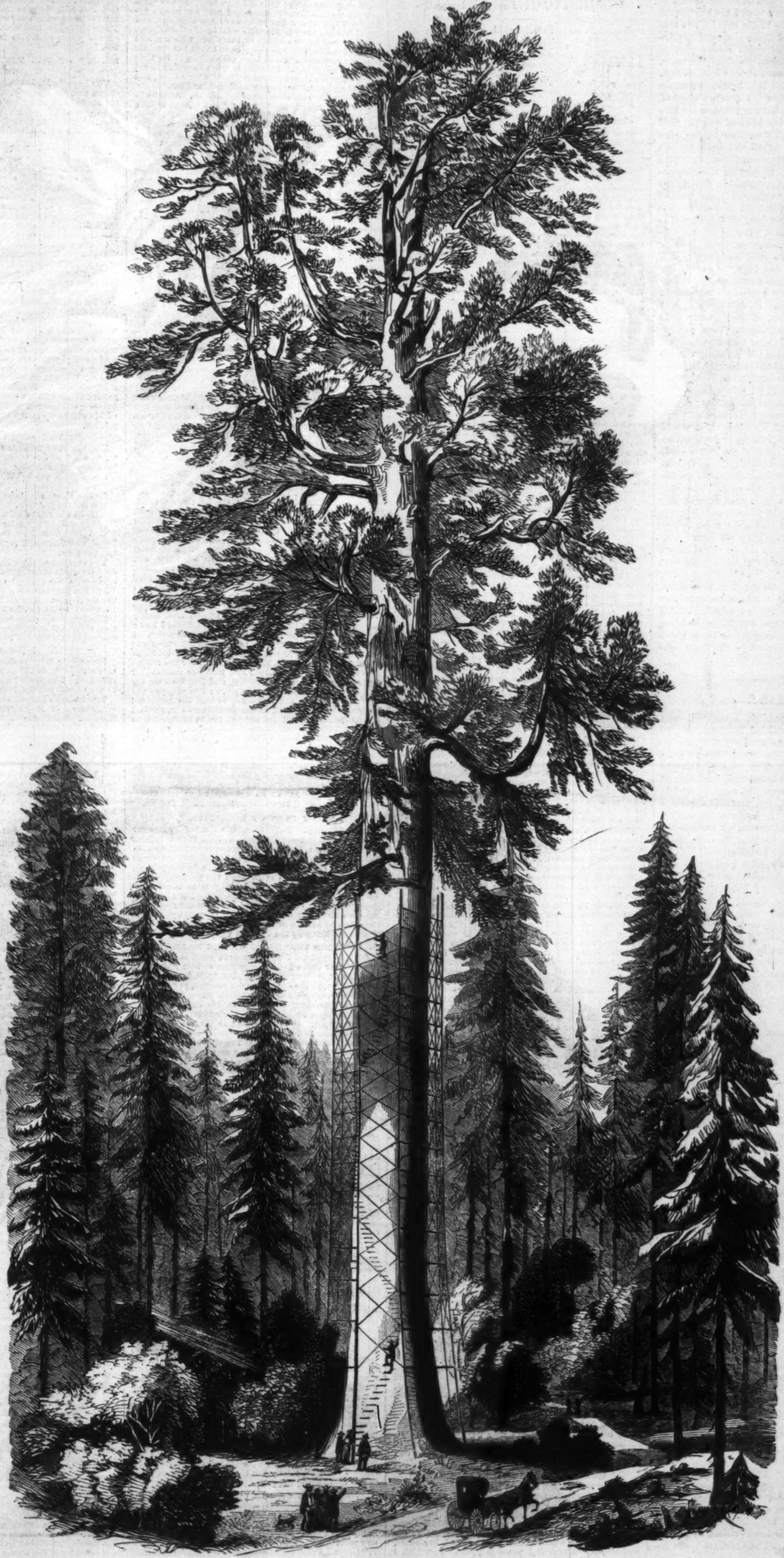
THE BIG TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

Among the many remarkable natural curiosities of the land of gold, not the least is that solitary group of gigantic pines known as the "Big Trees of Calaveras County." Many of our readers will remember the sections of bark taken from one of the group, which were exhibited some years ago in our principal cities, and which excited the wonder of all beholders, and the doubts of many, who could not persuade themselves that so monstrous a mass could ever have grown upon a single tree.

The group in Calaveras County are solitary specimens of their race. There are no others of their kind or size on the known globe. It is a singular fact that the group, consisting of ninety-two trees, is contained in a valley only one hundred and sixty acres in extent. Beyond the limits of this little amphitheatre the pines and cedars of the country shrink into the Lilliputian dimensions of the common New England pine—say a hundred and fifty feet, or thereabout. They are situated in Calaveras County, about two hundred and forty miles from San Francisco, but may be reached with a couple of days of railroad and stage-coach traveling.

A few hunters, in 1850, were pushing their way into the then unexplored forest, when one of them, who was in advance, broke into this space, and the giants were then first seen by white men. Their colossal proportions, and the impressive silence of the surrounding woods, created a feeling of awe among the hunters; and after walking around the great trunks, and gazing reverentially up at their grand proportions, they returned to the nearest settlements and gave an account of what they had seen. Their statements, however, were considered fabulous until confirmed by actual measurement. The trees have been appropriately named the *Washingtonia Gigantea*, though some of the sapient savans of San Francisco have endeavored to have the *Washingtonia* changed to *Wellingtonia*, because some English botanist, availing himself of the discovery by American frontiersmen, hastened to appropriate the name for his countryman. The basin or valley in which they stand is very damp, and retains here and there pools of water. Some of the largest trees extend their roots directly into the stagnant water, or into the brooks. Arriving at "Murphy's Diggings" by one of the daily lines of stages, either from Sacramento or Stockton, or by the Sonora coach, you are within fifteen miles of the celebrated grove; and from here it is a pretty horseback ride to the "Mammoth Tree Hotel." This has been erected within a year or two, to accommodate the many visitors; for the "big trees" have now become objects of general interest.

Adjoining the hotel, with which it is connected by a floor, stands the stump of the "Big Tree," which was cut down three years since. It measures ninety-six feet in circumference. Its surface is smooth, and offers ample space for thirty-two persons to dance, showing seventy-five feet of circumference of solid timber. Theatrical performances were given upon it by the Chapman family and Robinson family in May, 1855. This monster was cut down by boring with long and powerful augers, and sawing the spaces between—an achievement of Vandalism as ingenious as the Chinese refinement in cruelty of pulling out the nails of criminals with pincers. It required the labor of five men twenty-five days to effect its fall, the tree standing so near perpendicular that the aid of wedges and a battering-ram was necessary to complete the desecration. But even then the immense mass resisted all efforts to overthrow it, until in the dead of a tempestuous night it began to groan and sway in the storm like an expiring giant, and it succumbed at last to the elements, which alone could complete from above what the human ants had commenced below. Its fall was like the shock of an earthquake, and was heard fifteen miles away—at "Murphy's Diggings." There fell in this great trunk some thousands of cords of wood, and it buried itself twelve feet deep in the mire that bordered the little creek near by. Not far from where it struck stand two colossal members of this family, called the "Guardsmen:" the mud splashed nearly a hundred feet high upon their trunks. As it lay on the ground, it measured three hundred and two feet clear of the stump and broken top-work. Large trees had been snapped asunder like pipe-stems, and the woods around were splintered and crushed to the earth. On its leveled surface are now situated the bar-room and two bowling-alleys of the hotel, the latter running parallel a distance of eighty-one feet.



THE "BIG TREE" IN CALAVERAS COUNTY, CALIFORNIA.

One of the most interesting of the group is that called the "Mother of the Forest," of which the engraving we here present is an accurate representation, drawn from nature. It is now the loftiest of the grove, rising to the height of three hundred and twenty-seven feet, straight and beautifully proportioned, and at this moment the largest living tree in the world. It is ninety feet in circumference. Into this trunk could be cut an apartment as large as a common-sized parlor, and as high as the architect chose to make it, without endangering the tree or injuring its outward appearance.

The engraving represents the scaffolding built around this tree for the purpose of stripping off its bark, for exhibition abroad. This was accomplished in the year 1854, for a distance of something over one hundred feet from the ground, and was effected with as much neatness and industry as a troop of jackals would display in cleaning the bones of a dead lion. Such was its vitality, that, although completely girdled and deprived of its means of sustenance, it annually put forth green leaves until the past year, when its blanched and withered limbs showed that nature was exhausted.

But the dimensions of the whole group pale before those of the prostrate giant known as the FATHER OF THE FOREST. This monster has long since bowed his head in the dust; but how stupendous in his ruin! The tree measures *one hundred and twelve feet in circumference* at the base, and *forty-two feet in circumference* at a distance of three hundred feet from the roots, at which point it was broken short off in its fall. The upper portion, beyond this break, is greatly decayed; but, judging from the average taper of the others, this tree must have towered to the prodigious height of at least *four hundred and fifty feet!* A chamber or burned cavity extends through the trunk two hundred feet, broad and high enough for a person to ride on horseback through; and a pond deep enough to float a common river steamboat stands in this great excavation during the rainy reason. Walking on the trunk, and looking from its uprooted base, the mind can scarce conceive its astonishing dimensions. Language fails to give an adequate idea of it. It was, when standing, a pillar of timber that overtopped all other trees on the globe. "To read simply of a tree four hundred and fifty feet high," observes the *Country Gentleman*, "we are struck with large figures; but we can hardly appreciate the height without some comparison. Such an one as this would stretch across a field of twenty-seven rods wide. If standing in the Niagara chasm at Suspension Bridge, it would tower two hundred feet above the top of the bridge; if placed in Broadway, New York, at the head of Wall Street, it would overtop Trinity steeple one hundred and sixty feet; and would be two hundred and thirty feet higher than Bunker Hill Monument, Charlestown; or two hundred and seventy feet above Washington Monument, Baltimore. If cut up for fuel, it would make at least *three thousand cords*, or as much as would be yielded by sixty acres of good wood-land. If sawed into two-inch boards, it would yield about three million feet, and furnish enough three-inch plank for thirty miles of plank road. This will do for the product of one little seed, less in size than a grain of wheat."

These trees are not the California red-wood, as has been affirmed of them. They are a species of cedar peculiar to the western slopes of the Sierra Nevada. The growth, bark, and leaf are different from those of any other tree. Botanists class them, and probably correctly, among the *Taxodiums*. Foreigners will doubtless continue to rechristen them after this or that European celebrity. All who write or speak of them should avoid being thus led, and perpetuate the glorious name given them shortly after their discovery—the WASHINGTONIA GIGANTEA.

LITERARY.

RUDD & CARLETON publish a very pleasant volume by Mrs. Vielé, entitled FOLLOWING THE DRUM. It consists of gossipy sketches of the incidents in the life of an American officer's wife, who lived in the camp. The country through which her journal extends is bounded by Montreal on the north and Mexico on the south; but the familiarity of all the scenery, and the commonplace nature of many of the experiences, are relieved by the freshness and *naiveté* with which the writer gives them. We imagine that the book will be especially attractive to ladies.

Hugh Miller was a great and a good man. Dr. Brown's biography, published also by Rudd & Carleton, is a very able and interesting work. Condensed as a biography should be, containing very few digressions, giving us the man as he was, and leaving him in our minds as he would himself have chosen to be left, to be judged by what he himself has done in the age in which he lived and among the men by whom he was surrounded. The book is not a simple biography, but is, as it is called, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF HUGH MILLER. He was one of the men of the day, and especially one of the men of Scotland in this century. His history is to a great extent a history of progress in science and religion in Scotland.

Sermon readers and others will place high value on a volume of SELECT DISCOURSES FROM THE FRENCH AND GERMAN, published by Sheldon, Blakeman, & Co. These are selections from the pulpit efforts of such men as Adolphe Monod, Krummacher, Tholuck, and Müller, whose names are well known in the religious world, and whose writings are always eloquent.

Dick & Fitzgerald publish THE YELLOW FRIGATE, a novel by Captain Grant, in cheap form.

From Randolph we have a new collection of CHURCH MELODIES FOR THE USE OF CONGREGATIONS, by Thomas Hastings, whose name is sufficient guaranty for a judicious and tasteful selection. Among numerous books of this class, we know of none more worthy. It will answer as well, too, for family use.

A. L. O. E. is a row of initials which has become familiar to children by reason of the number of capital books by A. L. O. E. which Carter & Brothers have published. We have now THE STORY OF A NEEDLE, and of the little children through whose fingers the needle passed, pleasantly and instructively told. Another good book of the same class, from the same house, is TRUTH IS ALWAYS BEST.

Dr. Livingstone has arrived out at Sierra Leone on the way to his old home in Africa. The accounts from his expedition are very satisfactory thus far.

Rev. Paul C. Sinding, late of Copenhagen, is about to publish a work on the Scandinavian countries and the northern mythology.

Rev. Dr. Russell, President of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth, has written an interesting life of Cardinal Mezzafanti, the greatest of modern linguists. The Life is prefaced by a most erudite Essay on Linguists, ancient and modern, which adds much to the interest of the volume, and contains also a portrait of the cardinal, and a facsimile of sentences in his handwriting, in no less than sixteen languages. The Cardinal spoke fluently over forty tongues.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, May 24, in the Senate, Senator Clay introduced a bill for the improvement of the Dismal Swamp Canal. Senator Douglas introduced a bill for an inter-oceanic telegraph. The same senator likewise introduced the following bill:

"*Bill to restrain and redress outrages upon the flag and citizens of the United States.*

"*Be it enacted, etc.*,—That in case of flagrant violation of the Law of Nations, by outrages upon the flag, soil, or citizens of the United States, or upon their property, under circumstances requiring prompt redress, and when, in the opinion of the President, delay would be incompatible with the honor and dignity of the Republic, the President is hereby authorized to employ such force as he may deem necessary to prevent the perpetration of such outrages, and to obtain just redress and satisfaction for the same when perpetrated; and it shall be his duty to lay the facts of each case, together with the reasons for his actions in the premises, before Congress, at the earliest practicable moment, for such further action thereon as Congress may direct."

The Judiciary Committee reported that Senators Fitch and Bright, of Indiana, were entitled to their seats. The Fifteen Million Loan Bill was then taken up and debated, without action being taken, by Senators Hunter, Wilson, Collamer, Stuart, Bigler, Cameron, Simmons, and Pugh.——In the House, the Bill to regulate municipal elections in the District of Columbia was taken up, and led to a desultory debate on Native Americanism, in which Messrs. Davis, Burnett, Marshall, and Kelly took part. The House then went into Committee on general debate, and speeches on Slavery and other topics were made by Messrs. Keitt, Cragin, Bliss, and Gilmer.

On Tuesday, 25th, in the Senate, after discussion of the Chicago Harbor Improvement Bill, the Fifteen Million Loan Bill was taken up, and Senators Hunter, Simmons, Toombs, Seward, Crittenden, and others, spoke thereon, generally in deprecation of British outrages. ——In the House, bills were passed regulating municipal elections in the District of Columbia, and establishing a paid fire department therein. The Ohio contested election case being taken up, Mr. Vallandigham was declared entitled to the seat by four majority. The House, on motion of Glancy Jones, acted on the Senate amendments to the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation Bill. The Fortification Bill then came up, and was discussed by Messrs. Glancy Jones, Quitman, Whiteley, Dowdell, and Letcher; no vote was taken.

On Wednesday, 26th, in the Senate, the Chicago Harbor Improvement Bill was passed by 26 to 17. Also a bill for the improvement of the mouth of the Milwaukie River. The Fifteen Million Loan Bill was taken up and passed, after debate, by 28 to 14.——In the House, the enacting clause of the Fortification Bill was struck out. A motion to postpone consideration of the Fort Snelling case till November next was rejected by 167 to 26. The House went into Committee on the Naval Appropriation Bill, which, after debate by Messrs. Glancy Jones, Bocock, Grow, Covode, Winslow, Phillips, Taylor, Washburn, and Florence, was laid aside to be reported to the House. The House then took up the Appropriation Bill for Volunteer Regiments, and speeches were made thereon. Further debate on the Customs and Post-Office Appropriation bills followed, but no vote was taken.

On Thursday, 27th, in the Senate, the Homestead Bill was taken up and postponed till January next by 30 to 21. Several Harbor Improvement bills were taken up and discussed, but no vote was taken.——In the House, the Naval Appropriation Bill was passed by 110 to 75. The Investigating Committee on the Tariff Corruption case presented a majority and two minority reports, which were received. The Army Appropriation Bill was taken up, and speeches were made thereon by Messrs. Sherman, Letcher, Leiter, Seward, and Grow; also the Post-Office Appropriation Bill, which elicited speeches from Messrs. Davis, Jones, and Sandridge; after which both bills were reported to the House for action.

On Friday, 28th, in the Senate, Senator Seward's resolution to prolong the session till 21st June was laid over. Senator Mason presented a report from the Committee on Foreign Relations on the British aggressions, closing with the following resolutions:

Resolved, That American ships at sea, under the American flag, remain under the jurisdiction of the country to which they belong, and therefore that any visitation or molestation is an infraction of the sovereignty of the United States.

Resolved, That these aggressions demand such an unequivocal explanation from Great Britain as shall prevent their recurrence forever in future.

Resolved, That the Committee approves of the action of the Executive, and are prepared to recommend such future legislation as circumstances may require.

The Miscellaneous Appropriation Bill was taken up which led to a discussion on various topics by Senators Iverson, Bigby, Houston, Hale, Green, Davis, and Seward.——In the House, the Post-Office, Army, and Ocean Mail steamer Appropriation, 72 House, and 17 Senate Bills were passed.

On Saturday, 29th, after the receipt of some petitions the report of the Committee on Foreign Relations on the British aggressions was debated by Senators Mason, Mallory, Hale, Toombs, Seward, Douglas, Hayne, and Wilson, the tenor of the debate being in favor of the resolutions. The Miscellaneous Appropriations were then briefly discussed.——In the House, the bill establishing post roads and several private bills were passed. The British aggressions were discussed by Messrs. Clay and Garnett.

THE LAST BRITISH AGGRESSIONS—CASE OF THE SCHOONER MOBILE.

The master of the American schooner *Mobile* has published the following statement:

"NEW YORK, *May*, 15, 1858.

"I first saw the steamer about noon, April 29—a mere speck on the horizon—to the eastward; could not make out what she was. At noon our latitude was 23° 42′ longitude 81° 52′. At one o'clock took the glass and looked at the stranger; saw she was a steamer, bark-rigged, and appeared to be running across our bows. I said to the mate, 'I think she is an American man-of-war going to Key West.' Wind at the time east by north, vessel heading north by east to north-northeast; several sail in sight. I then went below and laid down.

"About half past three my eldest daughter (my family were on board) came to my room and said—'Father, what is that vessel doing?' I looked out of my window and saw that she was running down for us. Thinking she was going to speak us, I went on deck to answer her hail. As I came on deck the mate said to me—'That is an English war steamer.' I told him to set our ensign, which he did in the main rigging, the steamer then about two miles off. The steamer kept on until within hailing distance; he then rounded to on my weather quarter. As he came to, I saw the English flag at his mizen peak, which was the first I had seen of it. Soon I heard, twice in succession, something like the crack of a rifle; but I could hardly believe he was firing at me and lying within hail. I soon heard another report, and likewise the whistle of the ball. The mate came to me and said—'They are firing at us, and with ball, too.' I then ordered the vessel hove to—the same as I would heave to for a pilot. After that there were two shots fired into us, one ball striking the vessel about eight feet abaft the forechannels (where the mark can now be seen), the other going over the heads of the men working amidships, striking the water to the leeward. My men being in danger, I ordered the jibs to be hauled down, thinking that might stop his firing.

HOW THE MOBILE WAS BOARDED.

"About four o'clock his boat came alongside, with, as near as I can recollect, six men and an officer, all apparently unarmed, with the exception of the officer, who wore his side-arms. The officer, dressed in the British naval uniform, came aboard; came aft and, without asking for the captain, began to ask questions: Where the vessel was from, where bound, where owned, her name, and number of men and passengers, etc. To which I gave the usual answers. I then asked him what they meant by firing into my vessel and frightening my wife and children? He said, 'Why did you not heave to when you saw a man-of-war to windward with her ensign flying?' I told him it was common to see American and Spanish men-of war in the Gulf with their colors flying, and they had never stopped or interfered with me, and it would not do for me to heave to and wait the motions of every man-of-war I saw with colors flying. He then asked for my papers. I started to go to the cabin to get them, when he, knowing that my family were there, and without an invitation, immediately followed me.

"I showed him my enrollment and license. After looking at them a moment, he said: 'You should have a register.' I told him our coasters did not have registers, but sailed under a license, and if he was not satisfied, here was my clearance from Mobile, in regular form.

"After looking at them a while he laid them on the table. I asked him if he took me for a slaver. He said, No. I told him that, knowing that I was not a slaver, it was very strange they should want to board my vessel and insult my flag in such a manner; that they had no right to do it. He said they had, and that they had orders to board every vessel going up or down the Gulf, and that it was very lucky for me that I hove to.

"I then told him if he had got through I should like to pursue my voyage. He then left my vessel without so much as saying, 'good-day.'

"In the course of his visit, I asked him how I should have known he was a man-of-war? He said I could have seen their pennant. I told him I had a long one which I very often set. He said if he saw me with one set he would haul it down for me.

"Our latitude when boarded was 24° 4′; longitude, 81° 42′. Three hours afterward I saw Sand Key light, bearing west-northwest by compass, and distant fifteen miles.

"ALLEN HOWES."

THE CASE OF THE N. B. BORDEN.

The following statement has been made officially by the master of the schooner *N. B. Borden*:

"SAVANNAH, Georgia, *April* 22, 1858.

"Schooner *N. B. Borden*, of Fall River, Massachusetts, James M. Brightman, master, sailed from the port of Matanzas, Cuba, on Sunday, March 21, 1858, at ten o'clock A.M., bound for Savannah, with a cargo of molasses and fruit, consigned to Messrs. Padelford, Fay, & Co. When six hours out of the port of Matanzas, being about four o'clock P.M., the island of Cuba being still in sight, and while I was on the starboard tack, saw a sail running down, which proved to be the British sloop-of-war *Styx*, she being three miles on our larboard quarter. She fired a blank cartridge, and I, not knowing her business, ordered the American ensign to be hoisted, as customary, and kept my course. She then fired a shot, which fell at our stern. I then thought the matter more serious, tacked the schooner, and stood for the sloop-of-war until I was within half a mile of her, when I lay by until I was boarded by the first lieutenant, or I suppose it was that officer from his appearance. As he came alongside I hailed him, and asked what he wanted with a molasses droger. He replied that he would let me know, and came on board. He demanded of me where I was from, and where bound, and what was my cargo, and saying they were in search of slavers and took me to be one. I told him that slavers seldom took molasses to the coast of Africa, and, moreover, they never went loaded so deep—the schooner *N. B. Borden* being at that time nearly to her decks in water. The lieutenant then said I had a fine vessel, and he would like to take her to Jamaica. I told him he had no occasion to do so, as my vessel was built in Massachusetts and calculated for the West India trade, and never would be ashamed to wear the stripes and stars at her mast-head; and that her commander had always sailed under that flag, and had been master of a vessel for the last eighteen years; had always done a lawful business, and was ready to nail the American ensign to the mast-head, as our forefathers did, against any nation, and that I did not deserve to be insulted so by the British nation. The lieutenant then got into his boat and went on board of his vessel. I filled away and proceeded on my course, as usual. The schooner *N. B. Borden* was built at Somerset, Massachusetts, in 1855; is 123 tons, and owned by Messrs. N. B. Borden and others, merchants, at Fall River, and her owners and commander deserve the protection of the American flag. Yours, respectfully,

JAMES M. BRIGHTMAN,
Master of schooner *N. B. Borden*.

A NEW PLAN OF RETALIATION.

It is rumored that Judge Douglas will move to empower the President, in cases of violation of the laws of nations and outrage by a foreign government on our citizens, to issue special letters of reprisal, to be placed in the hands of an officer of the United States Navy, who will proceed in a vessel of war and seize upon the property of the government so offending, and bring it to the United States, where, by a decree of a court having admiralty jurisdiction, it shall be sold and the proceeds applied to liquidate the claim of the American citizens upon whom the outrage has been committed, the measure of damages to be ascertained by the Court of Claims.

RUMORED SUBMISSION OF THE MORMONS.

Advices received during the week confirm the rumor of Governor Cummings having gone to Salt Lake City. He left Fort Bridger on Monday, 5th April, for Great Salt Lake City, with the expectation of returning on the 15th. He was accompanied only by Colonel Kane, two servants and two teamsters, depending on his escort from the Mormons when he had passed the advanced pickets of the expedition. It was rumored in the camp that the Governor was to have the opportunity afforded him of addressing the Mormons, on the Sunday following, from all parts of the Territory, as they were to be congregated on that occasion to hear him, and decide whether they would continue their course of opposition to the officers of the Government, under the Governorship of Brigham Young, or accept him, without bloodshed, for their Governor, under certain conditions. Nothing definite was known of what those conditions were.

General Johnston purposes carrying out his own plans, and intends to march for Salt Lake City about the beginning of June. By that time he will be reinforced by Colonel Hoffman and Captain Marcy. The Colonel would add to General Johnston's command twenty officers, five hundred and fourteen men, one hundred and sixty-six horses, with one hundred and seventy-six mule teams, one hundred ox teams, with between two and three months' supplies for Colonel Johnston's whole command.

Captain Marcy would arrive there, accompanied by Colonel Loring—who was at last advices following the Captain to provide him an escort—with five officers, one hundred and ninety-four men.

With that portion of the reinforcements, it is certain that General Johnston will march at the time stated into Salt Lake City, as he is determined that not words but acts of submission only can be accepted from the Mormons.

HOW GOVERNOR CUMMING WAS RECEIVED.

A letter from Fort Bridger to a Boston paper says: "A United States Commissioner, Mr. Kane, arrived here about the 25th of March from Salt Lake City, with dispatches. He afterward returned to the city, where he remained a few days, and on the 5th of April returned to this fort, and after a short interview with Governor Cumming the latter agreed to accompany him to the capital on the morrow. Accordingly, on the 6th, Governor Cumming, attended only by Mr. Kane and his carriage driver, took his departure for the Holy City, intending to go through in two days. He did so, and entering the city on the 8th, found a large hall ready and beautifully fitted up for his reception. Brigham Young received him with an appropriate speech, which was responded to by the Governor in a true democratic and feeling manner. I am sorry I can not furnish you a copy, but will do so by next express. We look daily for his return. He was treated with the utmost civility and respect. We look daily for Colonel Johnston to issue orders for entering the city, as the road is now passable."

MOVEMENTS OF THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

"General Harney pays no attention to the reported surrender of Young, but is pushing forward the reinforcements and the supply trains. It is not believed at the head-quarters of the expedition that Kane accomplished any permanent good.

"Large Mormon trains are leaving various points in Nebraska for Salt Lake, carrying great quantities of arms, ammunition, and clothing, and manifesting a very hostile spirit. Many Mormons are also hanging about the fort, and following the trains in various capacities. All sorts of rumors are constantly coming in from the army. There are reports that buffalo were extraordinarily plenty on the plains—more so than for years—and the grass fine."

REPORT OF THE TARIFF INVESTIGATING COMMITTEE.

The Report of this committee has been published. It shows that Mr. John W. Wolcott was sent to Washington authorized to pledge any amount of money, and to use any means, however corrupt, to insure a change in the tariff. Soon after the adjournment of the last Session of Congress he received from Lawrence, Stone, & Co. $74,000.

Of this sum $13,645 79 was in commercial paper indorsed in blank and negotiable by delivery. Mr. Wolcott paid the Hon. George Ashmun $4000 for aiding the passage of the tariff, according to Mr. Ashmun's evidence, though Mr. Wolcott swears that he paid no money for such purpose. Thurlow Weed was paid $5000 through Ezra Lincoln of Boston, and $8117 06 was paid by the New York house to various persons, making the sum of $87,117.06 which appeared on the books of Lawrence, Stone, & Co., charged to the tariff of 1857.

Of the eight thousand and odd dollars disbursed by the New York house, Mr. D. M. Stone of *The Journal of Commerce* received $3500, J. N. Reynolds, President of the American Councils, who carried the resolution favorable to the woolen interests, $5070, and A. R. Corbin, formerly Clerk of the Committee of Claims, $1000. The balance was expended for traveling expenses, pamphlets, and the like.

It appears from the testimony of Mr. Slade, that Lawrence, Stone, & Co. received $12,000 or $13,000 more, which was also disbursed; but it is not ascertained how, as this witness was examined in Philadelphia, and the books and papers were in Boston.

The Committee express the strongest censure on Messrs. Wolcott and Corbin, and impeach their testimony seriously. It is believed that Mr. Wolcott appropriated about $70,000, which was put in to the banking business of Gardner, Wolcott, & Co. Mr. Corbin resigned his clerkship of the Claims Committee to avoid expulsion.

THE OCEAN MAIL SERVICE.

The House Committee on Post-offices have decided to report a bill for the ocean mail service. It will embrace the following schedule:

1. Collins line to be authorized to run to Southampton instead of Liverpool.
2. The Havre line to be contracted with for ten years, at two dollars per mile.
3. A line to Gluckstadt, via Plymouth and Rotterdam, for ten years, at two dollars per mile.
4. A line from New Orleans via Havana, Bermuda, Fayal, and Santander (Spain), for ten years, at two dollars per mile.

The expense of these lines is not to exceed seven hundred thousand dollars per annum. This sum is stated to agree with the amount reported by the Committee of Ways and Means, on the 10th of May, for this service for the fiscal year. The estimated receipts of postages by European mails for the year is just this amount. All letters by private ships are to be charged the same as by mail ships, and no letters are to be sent out of the United States but through the Post-office.

KANSAS AFFAIRS.

Incomplete returns from the election in Kansas indicate a majority of 750 in favor of the Leavenworth constitution. The utmost apathy was manifested in regard to the result, and the Pro-slavery vote was very small.

The board of Commissioners, appointed under the act of Congress of May 4, convened at Lecompton on the 24th. Present, J. W. Denver, Governor, Hugh S. Walsh, Secretary; C. W. Babcock, President of the Council; George W. Deitzler, Speaker of the House, and William Weir, District Attorney. The members of the board were sworn in by Judge Cato, and the Commission organized by electing Governor Denver president, and Mr. Walsh secretary. A committee of three was appointed by the chair to prepare a programme for conducting the election and report at the next meeting of the board, which takes place on the 31st of May. On motion of Mr. Babcock it was unanimously agreed that the election ordered by Congress be fixed for the first Monday in August next. The commission then adjourned.

PERSONAL.

Mr. Lewis Cass, Jun., has resigned his mission at Rome, the resignation to take effect when his successor shall be appointed. It is said that he found the place rather too hot for him after an occurrence which has excited much comment.

The Hon. H. B. Anthony, ex-Governor of the State of Rhode Island, and editor of the Providence *Journal*, has been elected by the General Assembly United States Senator for six years from the 4th of March next—receiving 92 out of 100 votes cast.

There was a general fraternization of the Republicans, Douglas men, and Americans, at Senator Seward's on Thursday night, at a party given by him. All the leading Opposition Senators and members were present.

A movement has been made in Mississippi to request the resignation of Governor M'Willie. The people of the State are very indignant at the last exercise of Executive clemency, which has turned loose the notorious assassin, James Dyson.

The *Times* correspondent says: "While in the agony of death the relatives of Mademoiselle Rachel caused to be taken her photograph by the photographer of the King of Sardinia. What their object was in thus disturbing the last moments of the dying *tragédienne* it is not proper to judge. But the sensitive paper produced her dying agony so faithfully, the clenched hands, the contracted muscles, and the frowning brow are so fearful to look at, that the friends dare not put the work on sale as it appears on the original. But they have softened it by a reproduction on stone, and this picture is now on sale at the print-shops. While living, she was the resource of her Hebrew family; now that she is dead they continue the exploitation of her body and her memory."

The Hon. Thomas Morris Erskine, recently appointed Secretary of the British Legation at Washington, is half American. His grandfather was the great Lord Chancellor Erskine, son of the Earl of Buchan, and his father, the second Lord Erskine, married a daughter of General Cadwallader, of Philadelphia. The present Lord Erskine, brother of the new Secretary, is named Americus, probably to denote his maternal descent. The removal of Mr. Erskine from Turin, where he was Secretary to the Embassy, has been the cause of a good deal of comment in the English journals, and is not particularly creditable to his talents as a diplomatist.

The *Evening Post* says: "Rear-Admiral Pacha expressed, in a recent conversation, astonishment at the money-making turn of the shipbuilders and Aldermen who surrounded him on his arrival. He says it surpasses any thing he ever saw in Europe or Asia. The recent carricatures in *Harper's Weekly*, burlesquing his progress in New York, at first excited his indignation, but, on hearing an explanation, he burst into a regular haw-haw of the most Turkish kind. The picture which most moved his risibles was the one which represents the Rear-Admiral, while preparing to draw on his pantaloons, surprised by the apparition of a daguerreotypist, who is taking his picture."

A Paris correspondent of a late London paper says: "Mr. Bonaparte, the eldest son of Marshal Prince Jerome by his marriage with Miss Paterson, has been staying in Paris for some time, almost *incog*. He dined almost daily at Hill's English tavern, in the Boulevard des Capucines, where he was generally accompanied by two or three American gentlemen. He is a plain, unpretending-looking man, much younger in appearance than he really is, for his mother's marriage, which the Pope always refused to disavow, was arbitrarily declared void by the Emperor so long ago as 1805; he must, therefore, be between fifty and sixty years of age, and yet he is neither bald nor gray. He speaks English with a strong American accent, and is by no means a perfect master of French. His likeness to Prince Jerome is most striking. He stands just as near an heir to Napoleon I. as the present occupier of the throne of France."

The tavern referred to is a small eating-house, where

perhaps a dozen persons may dine at once. It is much like many restaurants here, where one may get a plain meal for about twenty-five cents, and is much frequented by those English and Americans in Paris who do not speak French. The son referred to was educated at West Point, and is now on the Emperor's staff. Mr. Bonaparte arrived here in the *Fulton* last week.

The Baptist papers are quite indignant at the latitudinarianism of Henry Ward Beecher on Baptism—especially at the remark that he would baptize his people every Sunday, if they wished. They state that he would make baptism a common plunge-bath.

Judge Welles has granted a writ of error and stay of proceedings, in the case of Ira Stout, convicted of the murder of C. W. Littles. The trial will probably take place in September.

Archbishop Hughes denies explicitly the charge made by an Albany paper, that he was concerned in a secret society called the "Circle of Jesus."

Lord Napier and family spent several days of last week at Castle Hill, the residence of the Hon. Wm. C. Rives, in Albemarle county, Virginia.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Times* says: "M. de Sartiges, the French Minister at Washington, is about to come to France on leave of absence. The French Consul-General at New York will act as Chargé d'Affaires."

Governor Willard, of Indiana, is lying very low at Indianapolis, with a severe attack of pneumonia, or congestion of the lungs. His recovery is very doubtful.

Mr. Bancroft, the historian, has gone South on a visit of a few weeks.

The wedding of a daughter of Robert J. Walker, ex-Governor of Kansas, took place on Tuesday night at Washington.

The wedding of a daughter of Andrew H. Reeder, ex-Governor of Kansas, took place at Easton, Pennsylvania, on Tuesday.

Among the passengers by the *Vanderbilt* on her last trip for Southampton and Havre, were Senator Sumner, Lieutenant Henry A. Wise and Mrs. Wise, daughter of Edward Everett.

A PAIR OF OLD LOVERS.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "Justice Purdy married a couple yesterday who fully merit the felicity which they will doubtless enjoy in connubial union. The bridegroom was an old bachelor whose years numbered threescore and ten, and looks betoken him innocent of womanhood. His bride was a widow, who asserted that she was fifty-seven, but the by-standers set her down at eighty. It appeared that the widow, in the exercise of those winsome ways which widows do affect, inveigled the bachelor into an attachment, which both parties proposed to consummate in matrimony. An objection arose, however, in the shape of several infants twenty or thirty years old, belonging to the widow, who most decidedly objected to her marrying. In this dilemma they resorted to the usual dodge peculiar to young people, and eloped. As they lived in Canada, the only place to elope to was America, and they accordingly came to Detroit, the bridegroom coming first, and the widow joining him afterward." The delight at the successful termination of their romantic adventure was unbounded.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

IN the House of Commons, on the 13th ult., Mr. Baillie, in response to an inquiry, denied the reports that Sir Colin Campbell had lately asked urgently for reinforcements, and that the East India Company had declined for the present to find transports for the troops ready for embarkation.

Mr. Disraeli, in reply to a question, said that Lord Ellenborough laid his resignation before the Queen, without the knowledge of even the Prime Minister, and that had he consulted his colleagues, they would have unanimously requested him to withdraw his resignation.

On the 14th, in the House of Lords, the Earl of Shaftesbury moved his vote of censure upon the Government for their dispatch to the Governor-General of India, touching his proclamation to the people of Oude, and urged its adoption at considerable length. An animated debate ensued; after which, the House divided, the vote being 158 for the resolution and 167 against it; majority in favor of Government 9. The announcement was received with cheers.

In the House of Commons on the same day, Mr. Cardwell brought forward his motion of censure upon the Government for the Indian dispatch, and advocated his views at length. Divers other speeches were made *pro* and *con*, and at a late hour the debate was postponed to the Monday following.

In the House of Commons on the same day, Lord Stanley stated that no change had taken place in the position of Britain relative to France or the United States, with regard to the Newfoundland fisheries, nor had the British squadron been increased on that station.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The experiments which have been made with the new telegraph machines of Professor Hughes upon the Atlantic cable have been quite successful. The instruments transmitted messages through the whole length of cable, and clearly demonstrated that they could be worked with more rapidity and with greater reliability than any other method. Mr. Cyrus W. Field called on the 13th ult., upon Sir John Packington, the First Lord of the Admiralty, and explained to him the situation of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, in regard to a paddle-wheel steamer to act as a tender upon the *Niagara* in place of the *Susquehanna*, which the United States Government were prevented from sending on account of the yellow fever having broken out on board of her. The Admiralty at once granted the request to furnish a steamer in place of the *Susquehanna*. The liberality of the British Government in placing four of their best steamers at the disposal of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, to assist in laying the cable this year, and at a time when they are chartering merchant steamers for their own service, shows the deep interest they feel in the success of this great international enterprise.

THE QUEEN'S STATE BALL.

A London paper has the following description of her Majesty's state ball, given at Buckingham Palace on the 10th of May, and to which about 1900 were invited. "The ball was far more numerously attended than the ball given in honor of the nuptials of the Princess Royal, and much more brilliant. The noble apartments are fully equal to accommodate 2000 guests with ease; but at a state ball all the visitors crowd round where her Majesty sits or dances, and, consequently, the spacious and magnificent new ball-room was not large enough of itself to accommodate the numbers that thronged into it. Her Majesty sat on the *haut-pas*, with the youthful, pretty, and charming young Queen of Portugal by her side. Seats were also placed for all the members of the Royal Family, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and the Princess Anna of Saxe-Weimar. The seats of the Queens were marked on the *haut-pas* by a footstool, a distinction which was omitted with the other members of the royal family. The royal bride danced frequently during the evening in quadrilles with the Prince Consort, the Duke of Cambridge, and Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar. In noticing the arrival of the Duc de Malakhoff, we remarked upon his 'agile step,' and it is a great confirmation of the fact that not only did the Queen of Portugal but our own gracious sovereign select the Duke as a partner for a quadrille. The gallant marshal was a little taken aback when the honor intended by our Queen was first intimated to him; but he nevertheless acquitted himself with grace, and after each dance conducted his royal partner to her seat with true French gallantry. The Duke wore the full uniform of a Marshal of France, but paid us the compliment of displaying the Ribbon of a Grand Cross of the Order of the Bath without any other decoration. The places of our Queen and the Queen of Portugal at the supper were opposite to that famous work of art in the precious metals, 'Horses at the Fountain,' and immediately on their Majesties' approach, the fountain commenced playing and throwing off the grateful odors of Eau-de-Cologne. The shield presented by the King of Prussia to the Prince of Wales, the Prince of Wales's epergne, and the South American salver were also displayed on a buffet, placed opposite to the seats of the two Queens. Although the Queen of Portugal had a long day's travel before her on Tuesday, she remained with the Queen in the ball-room till two o'clock, dancing with the Duc de Malakhoff immediately after supper. The dancing continued with unabated vigor until the Queen left the ball, and by ten minutes past three o'clock the last of the guests had departed from the palace."

INAUGURATION OF LORD MACAULAY AT CAMBRIDGE.

The inauguration of Lord Macaulay as High Steward of the borough took place on Tuesday, May 11, in the Town Hall, Cambridge. Among the eminent persons who have held this office are Lord Bacon, Oliver Cromwell, and Lord Clarendon. The Town Hall was crowded on the occasion. At a banquet given by the Mayor, after the formal proceedings, a great number of the members of the University were present. In reply to the toast of his health, Lord Macaulay, who was loudly cheered, said: "It is now five years since I last raised my voice in public, and it is not likely that, except upon some serious and important call of public duty, I shall ever so raise it again; but I trust that if these should be the last words I so express, you will accept them as intended to convey my most grateful sense of your kindness, and my earnest wish that the town of Cambridge may ever flourish in peace and prosperity—and, may I be allowed to add, may ever cherish a feeling of unanimity with the noble and distinguished University, which I must ever regard with the most filial gratitude."

POSTHUMOUS WORK OF BLACKSTONE.

Judge Blackstone—he of the "Commentaries," the most popular law book ever written—left behind him in manuscript a work on architecture. It was written when the Judge was young; but has been described by those who have seen it as worthy of his maturer years. A wish having been expressed by leading jurists to see the work in print, a London house has undertaken to publish it.

EXTRAORDINARY LETTER TO THE QUEEN.

An English architect, whose name is published below, has been arrested for writing and sending the following letter to the Queen:

"HEREFORD, 27th April, 1858.

"To Her Most Gracious Majesty Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, Ireland, and their colonies.

"Your Majestie's humble and loyal subject sheweth that through the mercy and grace of Almighty God he has, during a period of 36 years, been an obedient and useful subject of this realm, and moreover, for more than 20 years now past he has been an humble servant of the Most High God, and a partaker of His grace, manifested in His only begotten Son. Your Majesty's *security* also sheweth that the All-Wise and Gracious God has in an especial manner manifested Himself to him [the writer]; and in such a marked and continuous way as leaves him no alternative but to apply to your Majesty to render up to him your Majesty's office as head of the Church. And in doing so it is from a solemn conviction of duty. Your Majesty will please to remember that this application is registered in Heaven, and will have to be accounted for at the judgment-seat of our Lord. I shall be happy to produce to your Majesty my credentials as Christ's vicegerent on earth, and challenge the creation to produce any other claim except my own to the office. In preferring my claim, your Majesty will please to observe that it is from *no sordid motive*, but on the contrary, merely for the glory of God, the welfare of your Majesty's people, and the stability of your throne! Wishing your Majesty every happiness, both domestic and public, I am, by the grace of God, in your Majesty's service,

"AUSTIN MAGGS."

A RETORT AT THE ALTAR.

"Recently," says the Essex *Herald*, "in a rural district of Essex, tending toward the coast, certainly not more than 53¾ miles from Latchington—we do not like to speak very positively as to measurements—a worthy thatcher had been employed by the curate of the parish in clothing his roofs and making matters secure and water-tight about the homestead. As thatchers are but men, and are, moreover, in the habit of damping themselves as well as their straw, the purse of the pastor had been repeatedly drawn upon in the course of the work, till at length, drawing the strings thereof tightly together with stern fingers, he tied them in a double knot; and when the man applied for a further advance of the current coin, he responded to the appeal—'No, when you have done your job you shall have your money.' Now the thatcher, either on the stack top or other exposed situation, had been struck by a pair of bright eyes. The lady's circumstances were pressing, and after due preliminaries, the pair presented themselves to the curate at the altar. Steadily the ceremony proceeded up to the production of the hoop of gold, when the minister, strictly following the directions of the rubric, as it seems is the custom thereabout, required him to 'lay it upon the book, with the accustomed duty to the priest and clerk;' in other words, demanded the marriage fees, when the bridegroom, thinking a like principle should apply to thatcher and curate, replied, 'No, when you have done your job you shall have your money.' The irreverent retort, and the refusal to let the curate draw on account, cut short the marriage ceremony. The book was closed; and the willing pair, though their dwelling-places are not far asunder, still remain only half married."

THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL IN ENGLAND.

On Sunday morning, the 9th, the Queen of Portugal, attended by the Prince of Hohenzollern, and the Prince Leopold of Hohenzollern, left Buckingham Palace for the residence of the Portuguese Legation, in Gloucester Place, Portman Square, to attend mass, which was said by Cardinal Wiseman. After mass, her Majesty held a reception, at which the principal Portuguese residents in London were present. On Monday morning her Majesty, the Prince Consort, and the Prince of Wales, accompanied the Queen Stephanie of Portugal, the Prince of Hohenzollern, and the Prince Royal of Hohenzollern, to view the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square. The royal *cortége* consisted of five carriages. Her Majesty and the Queen of Portugal inspected both the National Gallery and the Exhibition of the Royal Academy of Arts. On Tuesday the Queen of Portugal left Buckingham Palace, and, accompanied by Prince Albert and the Prince of Wales, traveled to Plymouth, where she embarked on board the *Bartolomeo Dias*, for Lisbon. The Queen of Portugal looks about eighteen years of age, and has remarkably agreeable features. She is rather above the middle height, and has none of the more striking peculiarities of the foreigner about her. Her hair is dark and her complexion very clear, and she has a frank, unaffected manner. In a letter dated Madrid, May 2, we find the following extraordinary and improbable statement: "We have just heard that the young King of Portugal has narrowly escaped being poisoned. The deadly drug was administered to him by a prelate attached to the Court, but the design was discovered and happily frustrated."

FRANCE.

AN ANECDOTE OF JULES FAVRE.

The French "*commis voyageur*" is a favorite character in farce. Two weeks ago one of the fraternity fell in with an intelligent passenger in the train to Bordeaux, and was so charmed with his anecdotes that he insisted on feasting him at the *Chapeau Rouge;* and after sundry bottles, became talkative about shawls and merinos, boasting of his commission being worth 4000 francs a year. "I, too, am a traveler," said his guest; "but can I count on your discretion?" On which he dropped a hint that *his* line was robbery, forged bills, and sometimes assassination, at which he earned 80,000 francs one year with another. Dumbfounded, the bagman managed to shorten the interview, and made his way to the nearest *bureau de police*, from which a *posse* hastened to the capture of the itinerant criminal, whom they found to be Jules Favre, brought down special for a very bad case before the Bordeaux tribunal.

HOW MARRIAGES CAN BE DISSOLVED.

The jurisdiction of French Courts in marriage matters is getting perfectly scandalous. On the 12th of May a Peruvian lady appealed for protection under very aggravated circumstances, and was dismissed without redress. Monsieur Eugene Ruttinger, a Parisian fast man about town, was sent by his father to Lima as a commercial agent; here he gets himself introduced to the opera-box of a young widow of twenty-one, Signora Torribia Guido, of high connections, and, after a considerable courtship, was married by the proper authorities at church, and his union was registered at the French consulate. Some time after he levanted. She follows him to Paris, and he now claims to be exonerated from the solemn contract by showing that he was only twenty-four years old at his marriage (twenty-five is the age required when parents are not consulted), and that old Ruttinger had only heard of it six months after it had taken place. On this silly and palpable sham the Court sets the *villain* free for fresh matrimonial *razzias*.

ANNEXATION OF ENGLAND TO THE FRENCH CROWN.

The *Court Journal* has the following queer story; of course "Girardin" is the name so transparently vailed: "Emile G——n has had several interviews with the Emperor of late; and as a pamphlet, written by him upon the subject of the facility with which a descent might be made in England, and the ease with which that country might be annexed to the French crown, is going the round of the political *salons*, it has been supposed that these interviews had been sought by G——n to expose his ideas on the same subject. The tenor of the pamphlet, which is kept a strict secret from the public, and is printed for private distribution only, may be judged when, addressed to the Emperor, it opens thus: 'Let your Majesty remember that *the event* of your Imperial Majesty's reign is yet to come—no Austerlitz, no Leipsic, no Marengo has marked its annals—with an unrivaled army, and a navy which now stands first in Europe, your Majesty might accomplish far more brilliant feats than these. Even the pallid reign of Charles the Tenth has left Algeria as a legacy of glory to the nation—even the short-lived republic has left us the occupation of Rome by our victorious troops. Let, then, the conquest of England be the one immortal feat of arms which shall render your Majesty's reign even more glorious than that of Napoleon the First, whose fate it would so nobly avenge.'"

A MINISTERING ANGEL.

The Court of Assizes of the Cotes du-Nord has just tried a woman of Legue for the manslaughter of her husband. For nearly forty years they lived most unhappily together, owing to her drunken and brutal character, and she was in the constant habit of beating him, keeping a thick stick for the purpose, and even sometimes taking it into bed with her to belabor him in the night. In the evening of the 28th of March last he returned from his work, and sat quietly down to supper; when all at once his wife, who was lying on the bed in a state of intoxication, jumped up and snatched his food from him. This led to a quarrel, and after a while the man was heard to exclaim, "Ah! you have got the stick!" "Yes," said she, "I have," and at the same moment she struck him a tremendous blow on the head, which felled him to the ground. After a while he got up, and managed to get to a neighbor's, but two days after he had to take to his bed and died. The jury declared the woman guilty, and the Court sentenced her to twelve years' hard labor.

APPROACHING MESALLIANCE.

The London *Court Journal* says: "The approaching marriage of an English lady, of large income and portly person, with her stalwart Italian courier, is much talked of by the English in Paris. The lady has just returned from a tour in Switzerland, where the unceasing attentions of the courier, his vigilance over the lady's safety, his bad English, and his singing to the guitar, completely took the grateful heart of the lady by surprise. The lady's eldest son, an officer in the Guards, is said to have arrived in Paris for the express purpose of preventing the match if possible; but, upon acquaintance with the object of his mother's attachment, became reconciled to the step, with the consolatory remark to his friends, 'The fellow seems quite good enough for a step-father, at any rate, and it's well it's no worse.'"

WHOLESALE EXTRACTION OF TEETH.

The *Memorial de la Loire* tells a strange story. A dentist, who said that he came from Caen, went to the school of the Brethren of Christian Doctrine, in St. Etienne, and asserting that he was authorized by the municipality to examine the teeth of the children, and to extract those which were not good, made the boys parade before him, and he drew from them not fewer than two hundred teeth, most of which were good ones. When the parents of the children heard what had taken place they were naturally indignant; and the report being spread that it was not two hundred, but six thousand, teeth that had been extracted, a large portion of the lower classes shared in their anger. Before long a crowd assembled and raised a loud clamor against both the brethren and the dentist. The former expressed their regret at having allowed the man to draw the teeth, while the dentist had deemed it prudent to decamp.

SOULOUQUE AND HIS TROOPS.

The Paris correspondent of the London *Globe* relates the following transaction, which, he says, will occupy the tribunals and amuse the public: "Faustin I., Emperor of Hayti, gave, in March, an order, not to Leeds, but to Elbœuf (Normandy), for three thousand suits of regimentals. The contract was duly attended to, and the manufacturers were up to time, but, unfortunately, the goods were sent by the Havre broker in two distinct shipments for St. Domingo, and three thousand pantaloons arrived three weeks before the supplementary portion of the outfit. Soulouque, who had fixed on a grand review, had his troops drawn up in coatless array, haranguing his brave army with a promise of jackets by the next packet. Had the jackets come first, he would, no doubt, have turned out his men in the costume of sansculottes; but the broker will have to answer for breach of covenant with this nigger majesty."

SOMNAMBULISM DISPROVED.

M. Burdin, a physician, who recently died in Paris, at the age of eighty-one, was a decided unbeliever in somnambulism, and many years since resolved to prove that his incredulity was well founded by depositing a sum of 3000 francs in the hands of a notary, which was to be paid to any person who should read what was written on a paper placed in an opaque box, the trial taking place in presence of a commission named by the Academy. This competition was open for three years, and a number of persons came forward, but the money eventually returned to M. Burdin's pocket, no somnambulist having been able to solve the difficulty."

INDIA.

MR. LAYARD ON THE INDIAN REBELLION.

Mr. Layard, who has just returned from India, has delivered an important address in London on the rebellion. He argues, first, that the insurrection was not merely a military mutiny, but a real national or popular rebellion; and secondly, that this rebellion did not originate in a religious panic, but was caused by English misrule, especially and notably by their policy of annexation, their dealings with the land titles of great chiefs, their maladministration of justice, and general treatment of the natives. Mr. Layard quoted the following extract from Lord Ellenborough's dispatch: "We desire to see British authority in India rest upon the willing obedience of a contented people; and there can not be contentment where there is general confiscation;" and, commenting upon it, said: "These words should be written in characters of gold, and exhibited in every public place in India; and if they were acted upon, there would probably be no other rebellion. India must, of course, be governed in India; and as to the council in this country, it should, he thought, consist partly of old civil servants, partly of military men, and partly of natives. In Ceylon there was a council founded on liberal and civilized principles, the buddhist and native half-caste race being represented. Let them try the experiment of governing India on the same principles, and then, even if they should lose India, that would be no disgrace to them, provided they left the country civilized, prosperous, and happy, and, if they could effect that by their example, he would add Christian."

CHINA.

PERSONNEL OF YEH.

The special correspondent of the London *Times*, who seized the opportunity of taking passage in the *Inflexible* from Hong-Kong to Calcutta for the purpose of studying the notorious Yeh, says of him: "Such a man must be a great problem. If I fail to solve it, I may, at any rate, supply to others the materials for a solution.

"In his personal appearance Yeh is a very stout and rather tall man, about five feet eleven, with the long thin Chinese mustache and beard, a remarkably receding forehead, a skull in which what the phrenologists call 'veneration' is much developed; a certain degree of rotundity behind the ear, and a moderate development of the back head. Shorn nearly to the crown, and very thinly covered with hair in that part where the Chinese mostly cultivate their hair, our Mandarin offers every facility for craniological examination. His tail is very paltry, very short, and very thin. The smallest porker in China has a better tail than her highest Mandarin.

"His face is heavy. There is more chin than you usually see in a Chinaman—more jowl and jaw, indicative of will and obstinacy. The nose is long and flat, the nostrils forming one side of a very obtuse angle. Seen in profile the nose is very remarkable and very ugly; in the front face this, the most simial expression of the man's countenance, is mitigated. The eye—that round slit Mongolian eye—is the most expressive feature of the man who is sitting opposite to me, and looking rather suspiciously at me as I am now writing. In his ordinary mood there is only a look of shrewdness and quick cunning in this, the only mobile feature of his face; but I have seen him in the turning moments of his life, when those eyeballs glared with terror and with fury. He has a large protruding mouth, thick lips, and very black teeth, for, as he remarks, 'it never has been the custom of his family to use a tooth-brush.' It is, however, a very common custom in some Chinese families, as any one may see who walks the streets of Canton and notices the Coolies and small traders at their ablutions.

"He does not wear long nails. He says he has been too busy all his life to do so. His hands, as is almost universally the case in China, are small and well shaped. The same occupations which have prevented him from growing his nails seem to have kept him from washing his hands. I think I can remember, however, that when first taken his nails were of Chinese growth.

YEH'S TOILET HABITS.

"In the practice of that virtue which we Westerns are glad to rank next to godliness Yeh is certainly not conspicuous. A more undesirable messmate for the commander of a man of war can scarcely be imagined. He spits, he smokes, he eructates, and he blows his nose with his fingers. Captain Brooker has taught him the comfort of a pocket handkerchief, but not to use it for this purpose. His daily ablutions consist of a slight rubbing of the face with a towel moistened in hot water. He has a horror of fresh air, and while in Chinese waters never willingly went on deck. He loved to have the ports closed and the skylights down.

"He wears thickly padded stockings, the long, blue-sleeved, quilted cape, and blue pantaloons tied at the ankle, common to all Chinamen. He boasts that he has worn his outer coat for ten years, and its appearance justifies his assertion; it is stiff with grease. When we drew near to Singapore, within one degree of the line, the heat became frightful. His practice then was, while steaming from libations of hot tea, to strip off his coat and sit in his long yellow grass-cloth shirt, wet and discolored—a most disgusting object.

"Once, after six weeks' confinement, he gravely intimated his intention of taking a bath; and he was eagerly reminded of what he had been more than once informed, that there was a most comfortable bath-room on deck, quite at his daily service. That was not at all Yeh's idea of a bath. The cabin was given up to him and his domestics, and a small pan of boiling water. We all hoped that he had cleansed himself, but when we saw him again he was wearing his old greasy, unwashed jacket.

HOW YEH SLEEPS.

"Yeh sleeps in a recess in the captain's cabin, which he prefers to a separate sleeping berth. He goes to bed about eight o'clock, and while we are reading, or writing, or playing chess, he sleeps the sleep of infancy—an unbroken slumber, apparently undisturbed by visions of widowed women or wailing orphans. This man-killer, after slaying his hundred thousand human beings, enjoys sweeter sleep than an innocent London alderman after a turtle dinner. So false are traditions; so false are the remorseful scenes of Greek and Roman and English tragedies.

YEH'S MORALITY IN PRIVATE LIFE.

"Yeh is in his private life a very respectable Chinaman. He is entirely free from all suspicion of those detestable habits common to his countrymen, and for which even the virtuous Keying was but too notorious. He smokes no opium; his ordinary drink is only warm tea; he uses samshu only as a medicine. He has sent his only wife, under the protection of his father, to his native village. He spoke of his concubines; but as I could not tell how far it might be wrong in his eyes to show curiosity on this topic, I did not learn their number or destination. He has no son, but has adopted a nephew, who is now twenty-four years old, and is pursuing his studies at Pekin.

"He eats twice a-day of four or five succulent dishes, and he has the good sense to eat rice with each dish, not reserving it for the end of the dinner, as the Chinese do at their feasts. He drinks nothing while eating.

YEH'S RELIGION.

"His devotions consist of sitting in the posture of a Chinese idol, his legs crossed, and his face to the east. He remains in an abstracted state for about ten minutes, and the act of devotion is accomplished. When he first came on board he retired into this contemplative state several times a day. He afterward became much more remiss, and once a day appeared to suffice him. He uses no idol, and when asked whether he wished for any facilities for performing his devotions privately, replied that he wanted nothing of the sort. I imagined that this was an act of devotion according to the custom of the higher sect of the Buddhists; but one day, when he was in special good humor, he condescended to explain why he turned himself to the east, instead of to the west, which is the birth-place of Buddha. He said if he were praying he should turn to the west; but he is not praying. He turns to the east because the east is the 'sêng chi'—the principle of life, as the west is the principle of death. He says the four cardinal points agree with the four seasons—the north is the winter, the south is the summer, the east is the spring, and the west is the autumn. We asked him what Taoli this was, 'Confucian?' 'Yes.' 'Buddhist?' 'Yes.' 'Taouist?' 'Yes. It is more ancient even than Confucius. It is the ancient ceremonial of China.' 'Are the Taoli of Confucius and Buddha and Laotzu all subordinate to the ancient Taoli of China?' 'Yes; they are all included in it. From the time there was an east there was this Taoli.'

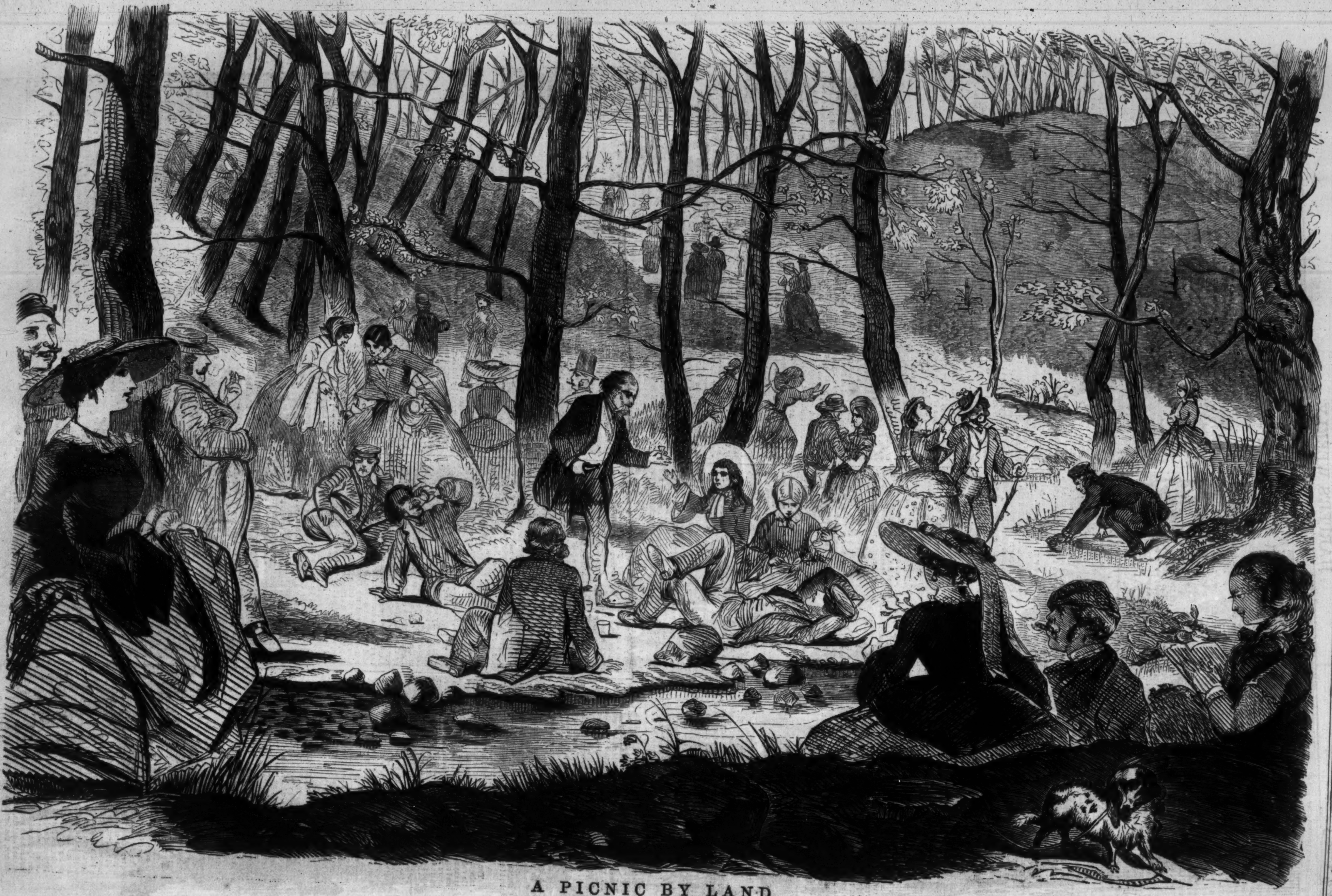
YEH'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

"We traversed the Bay of Bengal upon an unruffled sea, and Yeh was comfortable in his stomach, and during some portion of each day ready for conversation. One subject upon which it was never difficult to draw him out was that of his own career.

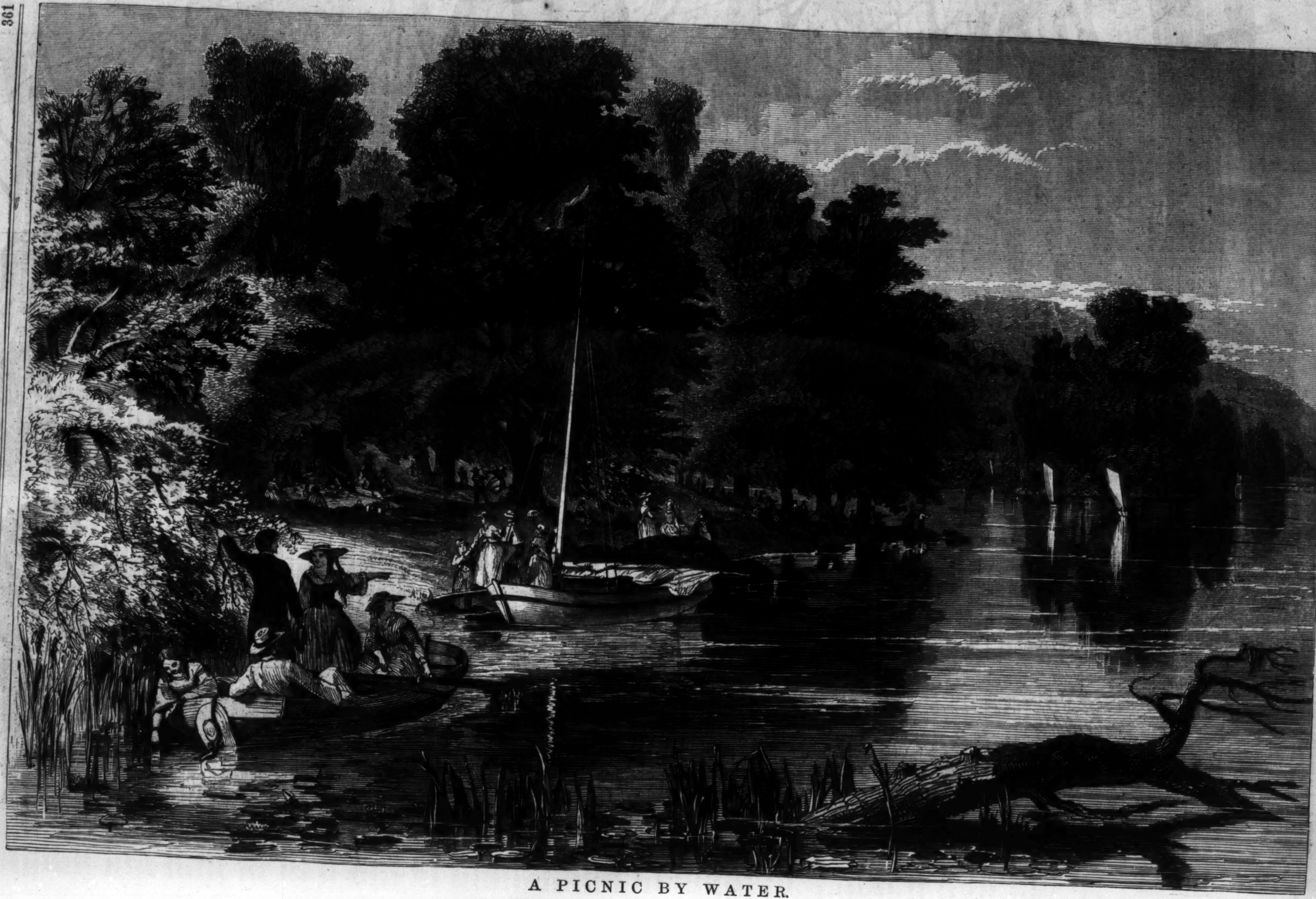
"He tells us that he is fifty-two years old, that he is the son of a public officer now eighty years old, who was Secretary of the Board of War (of which Yeh is now President) for fourteen years, and who has now for some years retired.

"He recounted the different high offices he has held. The list is too numerous for insertion, but it includes every kind of judicial and political duty. He declares that he owed his first appointment as Prefect entirely to his success in the public examinations. This gave me an opportunity of inquiring into the nature of these examinations, about which so much has been written and so little is known.

"Yeh has taken four degrees. He has passed seven examinations. In three he was unsuccessful; in the other four he was successful. In the last his distinction was so great that he was named the second wrangler of the Empire—he was No. 2 on the list of all the candidates who passed at that Imperial examination."



A PICNIC BY LAND.



A PICNIC BY WATER.

PICNICKING BY LAND AND WATER.

THE Picnic season is at hand, and our artists present, on the preceding pages, their ideas of a party by land and one by water. We trust the designs, which are as cool and shady as the heart of picnicker can desire, will stir up those who,

"Sick of home and luxuries,
Do want a new sensation,"

and cause them to realize that the spring rains have enabled the woods to come out in their freshest and densest green; while, in the mild June sunshine, every flower and leaf is as bright and sweet and fragrant as only the sun of early June can make them.

What memories will be brought up in the reader's mind by these two sketches! What reminiscences of scaling precipices, climbing mountain sides, exploring unknown caves, and talking nonsense to fairies in gipsy-hats! What visions of unbridged brooks to be crossed, and whose crossing afforded to tender swains as much anxiety as the fording of the Po did to Hannibal—nay, was, perhaps, as fraught with important consequences to him as was the crossing of the Rubicon to Cæsar! And then—to come to more material things—what a singular turn your appetite took for ham sandwiches and other picnic fare!

Yet there are sundry drawbacks to your enjoyment. Probably it rained the night before your picnic: it generally does. You sit down, and

"Stick to what sticks to you—your seat,
For thistles round you huddle;
While nettles threaten legs and feet,
If shifted from a puddle."

Then, as to the eatables, of course there has been a smash:

"Over a pie—a sodden sop—
The grasshoppers are skipping;
Each roll's a sponge, each loaf a mop,
And all the meat is dripping.

"Bristling with broken glass, you find
Some cakes among the bottles,
Which those may eat who do not mind
Excoriated throttles.
The biscuits now are wiped and dried,
When squalling voices utter
'Look! look! a toad has got astride
Our only pat of butter!'"

Thus,

"Your solids in a liquid state,
Your cooling liquids heated,
And every promised joy by Fate
Most cruelly defeated,"

you inwardly vow that this shall be your last picnic. To finish, in the words of the Excursionist whom we have quoted (not Wordsworth):

"While thus you smile, but storm within,
A storm without comes faster,
And down descends in deaf'ning din
A deluge of disaster.
'Tis *sauve qui peut!*—the fruit dessert
Is fruitlessly deserted,
And homeward now you all revert,
Dull, desolate, and dirtied;
Each gruffly grumbling, as he eyes
His soaked and sullen brother,
'If these are picnic pleasantries,
Preserve me from another!'"

THE MADISON MYSTERY.

I.

PEOPLE sneer at New Jersey. It is looked upon by the majority of American citizens as a sort of Purgatorial State. Jersey and Jericho seem to hold the same relative positions as places to which evil-doers are traditionally banished. If you buy a place in New Jersey, your friends regard you with a species of wondering pity. Had you built a villa by the banks of Acheron, you could not be more commiserated. According to the popular mind, meanness and cider are the two chief products of this calumniated State. It is a land of apples and artful dodgery.

I don't care a snap of my fingers for the morals of the Jerseyites, but I can not withhold my admiration for their State. I love those broad leagues of quiet orchards that, in the month of May, bear upon gnarled branches the drifts of rosy snows of blossom, and in September are fragrant with the perfume of "quintillions ripened and quintillions green." I love the calm Passaic, despite its beauties having been twaddled over through a volume of turnpike-road verses, by a Macadamized poet known as "Flaccus." I love its green banks; its black and slippery mill-dams; its daring leaps through the chasms and over the precipices at Paterson; its quiet ponds mantled with lazy water-lilies, underneath which the pike lurks with waving fins in wait for the dragon-fly, who flashes overhead, here and there, on his sail-like wings. There is something soothing and civilized in the face of Nature in New Jersey. The very factories and mills there, although as industrious as any, seem to hush their clacking into well-bred, subdued murmurs.

The sweetest spot, to my mind, in this State is Madison. It is a quiet country village, with but few stores and many churches, forcing upon the traveler the reflection that the place is more pious than mercantile. The roads are well shaded with large trees, that droop lovingly over the pedestrian, and protect him from the fierce sun with their green arcades. The land on all sides rises into knolls and sinks into valleys, the one crowned and the other lined with knotty oaks, and tall elms, and transparent maples. Along the old fences, rugged and quaint, the chipmunk runs in and out of holes as if he were first cousin to the rat. There are many ponds scattered through the fields here; some bordered with thick sedge, in which a sportsman's imagination might conceive hosts of wild-fowl lurking; others buried deep at the bottom of funnel-shaped depressions of the soil, and surrounded by sad circles of trees that shroud the still waters in an everlasting gloom.

There is a calm and self-possessed-looking hotel in Madison. Even in the hottest day it seems as cool as Sir Charles Coldstream. No unseemly air of bustle pervades it. Its piazzas are tranquil as the cloisters of a monastery; and if we beheld at vesper-time stealthy-footed files of monks moving along them, it would scarce seem out of character with the building.

The servants at the Katydid House are noiseless and grave. They perform their duties as quietly as if they were religious exercises. There is a laundress always at work in the back garden, who, as it were, washes to herself. None of the usual noises attendant on such lavatory exercises are to be heard, and if she pursued her task *in vacuo* she could not create less disturbance. Every body in the establishment seems to wear list slippers. The proprietor comes on you suddenly, as if he were slid along a groove like the ghost in the "Corsican Brothers," and there is a thin, unearthly youth, answering to the name of "Cleb," who invariably enters your room through the key-hole or some chink in the wall, for the first intimation you receive of his presence is a distant voice (which Cleb seems at some period of his life to have left behind him, and which has never since been able to catch him up) demanding, "Did you call, Sir?" I think that Cleb must hear ghostly sounds, for he is constantly gliding in upon the guests at all hours, demanding whether they called.

The large parlor of the Katydid House is inhabited chiefly by the mother of the proprietor—an old lady who remembers Washington—and a large brass stove, which, being at one end of the room, looks like one of those monumental brasses occasionally seen in the old English provincial churches. I have not the remotest idea what this old lady's name may be. Her son I know only as the proprietor of the Katydid House, and herself only as the mother of her son. Indeed, she goes but by the name of "The Mother," and has a strange exterior way of speaking of herself as "this child," as if she were merely an observer making allusion to some one with whom she was entirely disconnected. The great object in life to which the Mother seems to have devoted herself is to induce people to play on the piano, a strange centipedal instrument that stands behind the door, and looks as if it could crawl up the wall at any given moment. To entrapping such persons as visit her into awaking the melody that slumbers in this ingenious piece of furniture, the Mother has consecrated her remaining days. I don't believe that she has ever succeeded, but her perseverance is wonderful. The remaining member of the Katydid House is Miss Betty, sister of the proprietor or boss, an elderly female who pervades the kitchen, and to whom the superintendence of the culinary department is confided. She resembles somewhat in texture an aged fowl that has been boiled for soup, and is fond of continually smoothing down her black silk apron with both hands, as if she was endeavoring to perform some electrical experiment and was gathering the fluid. Miss Betty stands behind the door of the kitchen (which adjoins the dining-room), watching the effect of her cookery on the guests, and I believe suffering considerable agony if the beef-steak pudding or the Irish stew is not entirely appreciated.

There were but two guests at the Katydid House last summer. They came late one night in July, by the last train from New York, and took the best suite of rooms in the house. A tall, handsome lady, and a middle-aged gentleman. The lady, who seemed about twenty-eight, was of a middle height, blonde complexion, and graceful, flexile form. She was very pale and sad, however, and seemed bending under the weight of some secret sorrow. Her companion was a singular-looking creature. He looked more like the gnarled trunk of some blasted tree than like a human being. His arms were long, crooked, and large-jointed, and when he moved them about, they seemed more as if tossed by the wind than stirred by any spontaneous motion. He was dwarfed to deformity; his unnaturally long legs, that seemed, in the act of walking, to intertwine one with the other, resembled the flexible roots on which this strange, unearthly trunk was supported. His head was large, and draped with a profusion of wild, flaxen hair, that fell over his humped shoulders like the gloomy white mosses that droop from cypress stumps. His eyes were of a strange, colorless character, like faded opals, yet occasionally an evanescent fire would flash out, giving them a terrible ferocity.

The night these travelers arrived at the Katydid they committed the crime of *lèse majesté* against the Mother, by declining to take supper at the public table. They required, the queer, deformed man said, all their meals in their private apartments.

"Never heerd of such a thing, this child didn't!" said the Mother, indignantly, when Miss Betty communicated this intelligence. "These city folk are terrible hard to please. Now this child thought that they would be kind of sociable when they come, and the young woman might ha' played on the pianny; but ef they're a-goin' to shet themselves up in their own rooms, why they ain't the sort of pussons this child would knet stockins fur. Cock 'em up, indeed!"

The visitors had not been long inhabiting the Katydid before they became mysteries. Madison was a quiet village, a pious village, an industrious village; but even the most respectable and reserved of hamlets could not stand with impunity a lovely but melancholy female in company with a dwarf of fabulous ugliness taking up their abode at the principal hotel, and remaining continually in their own apartments by day and night, and never having as much as a doctor or even a clergyman to see them. Rumor flapped about the pair in a very short time, and its wings grew considerably under the judicious treatment of the Mother. According to that venerable authority, sounds of quarrel were heard to issue frequently from the apartments occupied by the mysterious pair; and Cleb reported that, on one occasion, when he had made one of his noiseless entrances through some chink or key-hole into the parlor, he beheld the pale and beautiful lady pinning the dwarf to the floor by the throat, while the latter was struggling violently, and gurgling out the most violent imprecations. The most extraordinary part of this scene was that the dwarf—whom one would have supposed grateful for the interruption—was as exasperated as the lady at the interference, and with his opaline eyes glowing at a white heat ordered Cleb peremptorily out of the room. This dish of gossip, after being properly served up by the Mother, served as a wonderful appetizer to the good people of Madison.

II.

"Again I ask you, what have you done with him?"

"Poor thing! poor thing!" ejaculated the dwarf, waving his long, branch-like arms, and casting a strange glance, intended for commiseration, at the pale form that stood before him, with arms folded, and an expression of the most furious hate burning in her eyes.

"I say, what have you done with him, Adam Drake? Answer me, you fiend!"

"She will never recover, I fear," murmured the dwarf, piteously, to himself. "Never. She's getting worse every day."

The woman ground her teeth, and stamped upon the floor.

"You devil incarnate!" she cried, "I'll tear the secret out of your black, bitter heart before I have done with you!"

"It's terrible to behold a noble intellect in ruins," continued the dwarf, musingly, in the same sad tone, and looking as if he were contemplating a Colosseum or a Temple of Minerva. "Hadn't you better take your soothing draught, Agnes, my love? You are getting excited." And as he spoke he rose, and in a tender manner approached her, holding a small bottle that he had drawn from his pocket.

"If you come nearer I will tear your flesh with my teeth!" said the woman whom he called Agnes, hissing out the words with compressed lips. "I see your game. You wish to make me as mad in reality as you affect to believe me. But you shall not. I will keep my senses until I have torn the secret from you, then let my poor heart break if it will. I will never leave you, Adam Drake: I will live with you, I will haunt you, until I discover what you have done with the child!"

"Mind completely gone!" sighed the dwarf, rocking to and fro on his chair, and watching her every motion with his blue—white eyes.

"I know every step you took in the matter," she continued, "by instinct, when I was prostrated by the sudden announcement of my husband's death, and the pains of labor came upon me; and when on my bed of agony I was hovering so between life and death that every thing around me was dim and dull, you spirited away my child—the child that stood between you and your heirship—and when I came forth from my trance you stood with your cold, colorless eyes by my bedside, and told me it was dead. But even then I knew that you lied, my brother-in-law; sick, and faint, and dull in brain as I was, I felt the feeble breath of my infant in the air that surrounded me. I felt the pulses of a life derived from mine throbbing through the distance palpably, and beating in unison with the beating of my own heart! Oh! I felt it. Between the mother and her child there stretches a chain that no one sees, but which no force can break, no distance outmeasure."

"It is melancholy to see her thus," said the dwarf, still speaking as if to himself.

"You have not killed him, I know," she continued. "He lives—I feel it. You were too great a coward for murder; but you have concealed him. Where is he?"

A long pause. The dwarf did not reply, but rocked on his chair.

"For eight years I have incessantly asked you that question. You think because, when I brought you before a law court, you escaped, that your mystery is safe. You are wrong, Adam Drake: I have a clew. Look here!"

And as she spoke she slowly drew from her bosom a slip of paper, torn, apparently, from a note-book, for it was long and narrow. The dwarf started and turned white.

"Memorandum. To pay Mrs. Bindon for the—"

"Where did you get that?" shrieked the dwarf, leaping from his chair, and advancing toward her with his long hand clutchingly extended. "You robbed me, you fury!"

"Aha! that rouses you, does it? I thought so. What fills up the blank after what I have read?" said the woman, retreating before him; "what but the child! How secure you thought yourself, did you not? But even demons sleep, and when *you* slept I found a certain note-book in your pocket, and in that pocket-book was the clew I wanted. If I did not believe through those long years that I would find this clew, Adam Drake, I would have murdered you a long time since!"

"Look out yourself," cried the dwarf, making a bound at her like a wild cat.

"Stand off!" she cried, drawing a small stiletto, and lifting it above her head. "Come closer, and I will kill you!"

At this moment a voice, that seemed to come from some spot about four miles off, said, hollowly, "Did you call, Sir?"

The antagonists turned and beheld Cleb—Cleb, who, as usual, had entered through the key-hole, and was now standing before them like a ghost that had suddenly been summoned to appear.

"No. Begone!" said the dwarf, savagely.

"Yes. Stay!" said the lady, decisively. "Is the lady of the house below?"

"Do you mean the Mother?" asked Cleb, vocally going a few miles farther back into the interior of the State.

"The old lady, I mean."

"She's in the parlor," said Cleb, from a great distance.

"Very good; I will go and see her. I am not afraid of you," she added, turning to the dwarf, "but I must live until I find him." And before he could utter a syllable in reply, she had passed through the door, and was gone.

III.

"Lor' a massy!" ejaculated the Mother, lifting her hands in astonishment, "this child never heerd any thing like it since she was born! And to take the darling little babby away too. Oh, the inhuman sarpent! But don't you be afeard, darling. The boss is around, this child tells you. He'll take care you don't come to no harm. Mayhap you play on the pianny, neighbor? There's a beautiful one over there, if you do."

"I'm not afraid of any thing he can do," said the lady called Agnes, who, as you may conjecture, had been confiding her sorrows to the Mother, "though he would kill me if he could. But I am alone, and I must not die until I find my darling child. Ah! what's this?"

It was a play-bill—a splendid and enormous play-bill—announcing that at the Madison Theatre, on that evening, would be represented the celebrated drama of "Rolla and Pizarro;" the part of Rolla by Mr. Skenk, and the part of Cora by the renowned *artiste*, Mrs. Seraphina Bindon; the Child, by Master Bindon.

"Why, she's fainting right dead away!" exclaimed the Mother, on beholding her guest suddenly drop the play-bill which she had picked up off the table. "Oh, la, Betty! here, Betty!"

And Betty came from the kitchen, rapidly electrifying herself with her apron, and there was a great bustle and fuss, and restoratives were applied to the fainting lady.

"Why, what's the matter, deary?" asked the Mother, as soon as Agnes recovered her senses. "What makes you take on so?"

"Why, don't you see?" cried Agnes, clutching the play-bill. "The theatre—that name—Mrs. Bindon—that is the woman that has my child! Where is the theatre?—I must go there. Oh, God be praised for all his mercies! I have found him at last!"

"This child thinks that it must be Farmer Bowyer's barn that them players have took. Cleb! where's this thayater? You're up to all mischief, and ought to know."

Cleb, answering from the vicinity of the White Mountains, immediately confirmed the Mother's surmise. The theatre was Farmer Bowyer's barn.

"Come with me," cried Agnes, seizing Cleb by the arm before that astonished ventriloquist could communicate with his voice to remonstrate. "Come—I must go there. Show me the way." And dragging Cleb after her, she tore madly out of the house.

Down the hot, dusty road, with flying hair and wild face, and Cleb fleeting along beside her like a pursuing ghost, fled the poor mother. People stared after the pair, and Mr. Hippy, the magistrate, meeting them in full career, drove rapidly home to make out a commitment for the supposed lunatics. But on went Agnes, and on went Cleb, until, breathless and covered with dust, they burst in at the stage-door of Farmer Bowyer's barn.

The Madison Theatre was in a state of immense preparation for the coming melodrama. The floor that had so often been belabored by flails in threshing time, was now covered with a green baize. Stunted scenery stood here and there against the walls. A fat man, who looked like the manager, was fixing tallow candles in the foot-lights, while a pale, unhealthy woman, with flabby cheeks and large handsome eyes, was leading a pretty child up and down in front of a bow-legged man who was busy in mouthing the speech of Rolla to his army; one could see at a glance that the large-eyed woman would play Cora.

Agnes made a dart at the child the moment she entered, and covered it with kisses.

"Hillo!" cried Cora, in a voice like a man's; "what's all this?"

"My child! my dear, dear child!"

"Your child! What do you mean, ma'am? he's my child!"

"Woman!" cried Agnes, starting to her feet, "I know all; you were employed by Mr. Drake to take care of this child—to pass it off as your own, were you not?"

"If I was," answered Cora, rather faintly, "he told me the mother was dead, and that it was a by-blow of his own."

"He lied. The child was mine. He stole it from me, and I have come to reclaim it. Nothing under heaven shall part us."

"But I can't give him up without authority. Besides, what will the play do? Rolla can't play without a child you know."

"Listen. I am rich. I will pay you and your troupe double your expected receipts for to-night. You shall have any sum you please, but I must have the child."

This proposition seemed to be received with the greatest favor by the manager and company, and Agnes, pressing the little one to her heart, set off for the Katydid House.

"Where is Mr. Drake?" were the first words she uttered as soon as she entered.

"He's gone to New York," said the Mother.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Agnes. "I will never see him again."

THE FIRST GRAY HAIRS.

A SILVER tress is 'mid thy hair
I never saw before—
The first that time hath woven there,
To warn thee youth is o'er!
But think not I can love thee less
Because thy youth departs;
Ah, no! that little silver tress
More closely binds our hearts!

It is decreed that youth must pass,
Why should it be deplor'd?
For in our child (as in a glass)
I see thy charms restored!
Thy gentle smile plays o'er her face,
And nut-brown is her hair;
Like thine, sweet love! ere I could trace
One tress of silver there.

ANCHORED.

As, after sailing over stormy seas,
A ship, full-freighted from a foreign shore,
Comes pressing landward in the freshened breeze,
Where swarthy headlands breast the billows' roar;

And in its sea-sought anchorage calmly swings,
When graybeard Twilight glooms the murmuring bay,
Folding to rest its long-exerted wings,
Kissed by the cool lips of the ocean spray—

So has my soul at length its anchorage found
In the still harbor of a sweet content,
Land-locked from fears that beat with ceaseless sound
On coasts foam-flecked with surges chill and spent.

No fretting cares disturb its sheltered calm,
Or break the silence of its full repose;
The breeze blows sweetly over beds of balm,
And soothes forever old memorial woes.

And as the sailor in the harbor dreams,
In silent watches, of his venturous life,
And in the swells of far-off music seems
To hear the songs once wooing him to strife—

So, floating safely on the sheltered sea,
Rocked by the lazy ebbing of the tide,
I dream of all my life had longed to be,
In vain ambitions of its restless pride.

I dream of all the bright alluring aims
That gleamed from far upon its hither way,
Yet ever faded, as the star whose flames
Pale in the brilliance of the coming day;

The hopes that flashed athwart the western sky,
When life and love walked proudly hand in hand,
Yet ever sank before the eager eye,
Like looming castles in a mirage land.

I drink again the melody that floats,
I seem to feel the odorous breezes blow,
I hear the welcome of a thousand throats—
But in fruition do not long to go.

The calm of manhood lulls the wild desires
That stirred me once, a tender-hearted boy;
But can not still the trembling of the lyres
That flood the soul with memories of joy.

In wayside harbors of life's quietude
Each idle wave that plashes on the shore
Thrills with old songs the tranquil thoughts that brood
On buried fancies soul endued once more.

The past is past, yet to our life belongs
The fairest hues that made its past divine,
The full-toned music of its sweetest songs,
The warm, rich splendor of its summer shine.

A SAD STORY.

It was just three years ago, on such a night as this, and the snow was enough to take away one's breath; I could hardly find my way through the well-lighted streets. I was summoned to the house of Mr. F——, the rich wine-merchant. He was very comfortably off, to use the common phrase. He had made one of those marriages of convenience which are so common, and which once caused a woman to say, "If you were not my husband, I should not feel the slightest interest in you." In short, the man was happy, and now doubly so, for his wife bore a joyful hope beneath her heart. When I entered the drawing-room the tea was being served. All the front rooms in the house were brilliantly lighted and thrown into one. The young wife was ordered to take exercise, and she was now walking up and down the rooms. Not a sound was to be heard on the velvet carpets. I seated myself with the company, consisting of the wife's parents and her married sister. The mother was working at a baby-cap, the sister was crocheting a dainty coverlet; in a corner stood the cradle, covered with a green silk curtain. Whenever Mrs. F—— was absent in the next room, they began speaking of the hour of travail, which all were awaiting with mingled feelings of apprehension and delight. I was especially requested to look out for a healthy and respectable nurse. The sister, a clever young woman, who seemed very delicate, said: "I could never make up my mind to hire a wet-nurse, and I much wished that Fanny were of the same opinion. I am always grieved to see the way in which these nurses are pampered and petted; they are treated like queens, and enjoy the best of every thing, and what is to become of them afterward? Besides, it must have a pernicious influence on the other female servants. They who have kept pure from sin are forced to wait on the fallen sister, and endure all her caprices and whims." Her husband somewhat harshly expressed his opinion about it being all stuff, while I was engaged in combating the prejudices of Mr. F——, who fancied that a wife retained her beauty longer if she did not suckle her children. I proved to him how utterly false and unnatural this view was. The young wife had now found us, and, for fear of exciting her, the conversation was turned to other matters. The sister sang, the father retailed some of his stock jokes to keep her in good spirits. The fair young wife, as she sat there self-forgetting, and only thinking of the future, resembled a saint. For a woman who bears a second life beneath her heart is a saint; even the roughest and wildest beings treat her with reverence.

I left the house at a late hour. As I descended the stairs I thought to myself how happy the new arrival would be—how many loving arms, how many sparkling eyes would welcome it. As I went along the street, the snow and wind almost knocked me backward. At last I reached my residence in the Lying-in Hospital. As I walked up the steps I felt something moving at my feet. I started back, and shouted, "Who is that?"

"Oh, God!" was the reply, "have mercy upon me!"

"Who are you?"

"Misery, misery! I must die—I and my child!"

I now saw by the glimmer of the lamp a girl, whose head was wrapped up in a coarse shawl: she was wiping the snow out of her eyes. I rang violently, and the poor girl embraced my knees and sobbed out:

"Oh! we must not be left to die. I have come twenty miles to-day from G——. I could hardly drag my limbs along. I could not stay there any longer: the villagers were pointing the finger of scorn at me. I went into a public-house and implored them to give me shelter, but they only laughed at me; one coarse fellow tried to insult me, and I ran away. At last I resolved to remain here till some kind person came to my assistance."

Thus the girl spoke through her tears, and shuddering with the cold, until the porter at last opened the door. I ordered a nurse to be roused, and the stranger put to bed, and within an hour she was in a deep sleep, though every now and then she made a convulsive movement. For a long time I lay awake; do what I would I could not but speculate on the fate of the two children I was about to bring into the world almost at the same time. Little did I think what a fearful tragedy I was preparing.

The next morning I found the stranger refreshed, and almost quite restored. I, too, had got over that softness of heart which had so strangely unmanned me on the previous night. I went up to her bedside. I knew beforehand what lamentable story, intermingled with sobs, I was about to hear. I have been too often deceived not to be always strictly on my guard. Fortunately we are at times not so wise as we should like to be, and the uncorrupted heart will not listen to all the wise warnings of the head. Well, I found the girl in better spirits, and she thanked me heartily for my kindness. According to her statement she was the daughter of a once rich farmer, who had been brought down in the world by intoxication and bad housekeeping. She had seen better days in her father's house. Father and mother were now dead, and Jane Hardy (that was her name) had been for three years servant at the Plow, in G——. Here she fell away from virtue with the hostler. She wept bitterly as she said this, but then she wiped her tears and her eye sparkled as she spoke of her husband, as she persisted in calling him. She represented him to be a thoroughly honest and industrious man, and was incessant in her praises. He wanted to marry her, but they had not a shilling to begin housekeeping. She spoke of the nights she had passed in solitary sorrow, and how her mother could find no rest in the grave, because her daughter had quitted the path of rectitude. She told me how her husband was going to do himself a hurt, through sorrow for his great fault. Then she added, "God will punish me for my sin, but I will endure all patiently, so long as the poor innocent creature is spared to us. I will willingly work my finger-ends off, and I and my husband will be able to save enough in the course of a few years to emigrate to Australia."

I must confess that the story affected me but slightly; but I had heard so many of them, part true, part invention. But when, in the course of a few days, the husband made his appearance, a good-looking young fellow, but now as hang-dog as a criminal, and with a trembling hand offered me a few shillings, then adding, through fear of insulting me, that I could lay them out in getting some dainties for Jenny, I began to form a better opinion of the couple. The young fellow pleased me remarkably: he was one of those men who are not in the habit of expressing their thanks, and who find difficulty in uttering words of humiliation, for they prefer to receive only that which they have a right to demand.

On the tenth day after her arrival Jane gave birth to a healthy boy. The joy she evinced at the sight of the infant is indescribable. At this moment she put off all her grief, all thoughts of her misfortune: she was a happy mother. And when she said that the boy was the very image of his father, her whole face shone with delight.

A week later Mrs. F—— also gave birth to a son. I now proposed to Jane to go there as wet-nurse, as she could earn a decent sum of money. She regarded me with widely-opened eyes, pressed her child closer to her heart, and large drops stood in her eyes. She drew breath hurriedly, and could not speak, but at last she said, "I can say nothing about it: my husband is coming to the christening to-day." The child was christened, and I was asked to be godfather, but I had no time, and, to tell you the truth, no great inclination. I might have been godfather to half the world if I had accepted all the offers. Still, in gratitude to me, the boy received my name—Anthony. The husband wanted to take the child in the country with him, and have it taken care of there, and I advised the same; but Jane made it a condition that if she accepted the situation her boy must remain near her. It was handed over to one of these old nurses I was abusing just now.

The same evening I took Jane to Mr. F——'s house. She shrank back involuntarily as she laid the strange child to her breast. But she got over this feeling; and Jane lived like a princess in a room where the temperature was regulated with the greatest care. She had every sort of dainty to eat and drink, the whole house was at her disposal, and Mrs. F——'s child (he was christened Augustus) grew stronger hourly. Jane grew handsomer every day too; she sang and sported with the child, and could hardly invent sufficient terms of endearment. Many times did I laugh at her inventive genius. But you must not imagine that Jane was trying to stifle the cry of pain in her own heart; it is a secret impulse of nature that a nurse learns to love her foster-child. I was heartily praised for having procured the F——s such an excellent and respectable wet-nurse. I received most hearty but unmerited thanks.

The winter rapidly made way for spring, and Jane was permitted to take Augustus out for an airing in St. James's Park. She carried the child warmly wrapped up, and held a parasol over his face to keep off any impertinent sunbeams. Mrs. F—— was seated at the window, and I met Jane just as she got into the street. She looked round timidly, and said to me she felt nervous: she was to surprise Mr. F—— as he came home from the City, by showing him the child enjoying the air for the first time.

In the Park were several wet-nurses, mostly reckless creatures, who paid more attention to the soldiers than to the children in their arms. One of them, who had known Jane in the institution, asked her, casually, whether she had got rid of her trouble. She turned icy cold, for she had seen her child but once since she had deserted it. On the day when Augustus was christened, the old nurse had brought Master Tony, and had been regaled with the best of meat and drink. Jane had then felt that she was almost a stranger to her child, and now the thought of her neglect almost maddened her. She rushed down the dirty back streets of Westminster to her child. She found it crying, alone in the room; a half-peeled boiled potato lay upon the cradle. The child was wretchedly thin, and looked like death. When her eye then fell on the little Augustus (so the old nurse said), she looked as if she would have killed him with a glance. It seemed to say, "See, that is the robber who steals from you your mother, your food, your very life!" She sank down by the side of the cradle, and sobbed loudly; the two children cried with her. Then she rose again, took up her own child, kissed it and hugged it: she offered it the breast, but it would not suck: she raised it sportively above her head, and the boy merrily struck her in the face. Then she quarreled with the old nurse; but all at once the idea occurred to her she must go home, and she hurried away with Augustus. When she reached Mr. F——'s house she received a severe scolding, as far as they dared to go for fear of injuring her nursling. Every body was suffering from the greatest alarm. The father had come home from the City, and the child was nowhere to be seen. Jane did not like to say where she had really been; so she pretended that she had lost her way. Strict orders were given that she must never go out again alone. The little Augustus cried and whined all the day. Against my will I was obliged to betray where Jane had been. Mr. F—— was half inclined to turn her out of the house at once; but I interposed, and promised to keep a careful watch over Jane's child. I had done so all along; but what avail is that under such circumstances?

Jane gradually became quite cheerful as she had heretofore been. On the third evening after this occurrence, Mr. and Mrs. F—— went to spend the evening at her mother's. The house was quite quiet. Jane was singing a melancholy old English song, while the under-nurse was at work in the adjoining room. Suddenly Jane rushed to the window and threw it up. The under-nurse asked her what she was about; she was letting in a draught and must close the window instantly. Jane asked her if she had not heard something; it seemed to her as if some one in the street kept on calling her by name. The under-nurse said she heard nothing, and it must be all fancy. But Jane could not be pacified; and she rushed about the room like a tiger in its cage. She stopped and listened at the window; all was silent, and yet she heard something again. She opened the nursery door and went out. She slipped off her shoes and gently glided down stairs. The house door was locked, and in a second Jane was down the kitchen stairs and entered the larder, the window of which opened on the area. It was, luckily, unbolted, and she leaped out, and was up the steps in a moment. So soon as she reached the street, she hurried on along. The policeman started back involuntarily as she passed him: she was come and gone without a sound. On she hurried, and at length reached the house where her child was. The door was on the latch, for the old nurse had gone to visit her next-door neighbor. Jane found her child quiet in bed; it no longer cried, it only groaned. The moon shone brightly in the heavens and poured down on the mother, as she bent tearless over her child. The nurse came in with a light, and Jane uttered a cry that pierced the very marrow as she saw her child; she tore her hair, but then suddenly turned calm, and laid her child to her breast. Oh! blessings on it! her boy opened his eyes, laid his wasted hands on her bosom, and drank eagerly. Cautiously she laid him down, and kissed the blanket under which he slept, or at least had closed his eyes.

I had just arrived at the house on my round of visits, and hearing an unusual disturbance, I walked in. Jane hurried to meet me, and said, joyfully, "My child is alive—my child is alive!" but I saw death, which might close its eyes at any moment. I tried to induce Jane to go home, but she was proud or lost in thought, and scarcely listened to me. She sang a nursery song, and rocked her child the while. I felt its pulse—it was quite silent—she was rocking a dead child. I now tried to force Jane home, for I hoped to hide the awful truth from her: but she seized the child once again, and I saw that the awful truth had struck her. At first, I thought she was about to faint, for she sank over the cradle; but she soon recovered, and said, "Yes, he has gone from me, my Tony, but he drank at my breast for all that, yes—yes." She turned backward and forward and shook her head, as if saluting a party of friends. I had several visits still to pay, and ordered that Jane should be kept there till I came to fetch her. She could not return to Mr. F——'s house in her present condition. Jane allowed me to depart quietly, but so soon as I was gone, she over-persuaded the old nurse to accompany her home. She walked along the street as quiet as a lamb.

When they arrived at Mr. F——'s house the carriage was just drawing up to the door. Jane said, "Let me in now," and she stepped in without observation. She crept up to the nursery, roused the little Augustus from his sleep, kissed and cuddled him, and sang:

"Sleep, my darling, sleep,
Your father minds the sheep,
Your mother—"

At this moment the door opened, and Mrs. F—— walked in.

"How is my child?" she said.

"Your child?" Jane shrieked in her madness. "Away, away! Your child!—my child! Yes, your child, the murderer of *my* child." She glanced wildly around her. "Murderer! murderer!" she yelled, and hurled the child on the ground. It uttered but one groan—it was dead!

At this fearful moment I entered the room. The child was lying on the ground, the mother in a fainting condition by its side. Jane was dancing round the room, and singing merry snatches. I was petrefied.

That night Jane was conveyed to Hanwell: it was said that she was attacked by a milk fever. After many weeks of fearful agony, death spared her further suffering.

A LITTLE HYMN TO SLEEP.

Sleep, thou boon,
What sweet tune
Shall I sing to bring thee near?
What rare fall,
Or madrigal,
Will delight thy dainty ear?
Shall a little honey-bee
Bring a summer song to thee?
Or the wind among the leaves?
Or the silver-singing rain—
Wouldst thou hear it on the eaves?
Hear its feet, but not too plain?
Name the strain, it shall be thine,
Only come to me, and mine,
Sleep, fairy Sleep!

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER V.

It is asserted by those learned men who have devoted their lives to the study of the manners and habits of insect society, that when a spider has lost its last web, having exhausted all the glutinous matter wherewith to spin another, it still protracts its innocent existence by obtruding its nippers on some less warlike but more respectable spider, possessed of a convenient home and an airy larder. Observant moralists have noticed the same peculiarity in the Man-Eater, or Pocket-Cannibal.

Eleven o'clock A.M. Samuel Adolphus Poole, Esq., is in his parlor—the house one of those new dwellings which yearly spring up north of the Regent's Park—dwellings that, attesting the eccentricity of the national character, task the fancy of the architect and the gravity of the beholder—each tenement so tortured into contrast with the other, that, on one little rood of ground, all ages seem blended, and all races encamped. No. 1 is an Egyptian tomb!—Pharaohs may repose there! No. 2 is a Swiss *chalet*—William Tell may be shooting in its garden! Lo! the severity of Doric columns—Sparta is before you! Behold that Gothic porch—you are rapt to the Norman days! Ha! those Elizabethan mullions Sidney and Raleigh, rise again! Ho! the trellises of China—come forth, Confucius and Commissioner Yeh! Passing a few paces, we are in the land of the Zegri and Abencerage—

"Land of the dark-eyed Maid and dusky Moor."

Mr. Poole's house is called Alhambra Villa! Moorish verandas—plate-glass windows, with cusped heads and mahogany sashes—a garden behind, a smaller one in front—stairs ascending to the door-way under a Saracenic portico, between two pedestaled lions that resemble poodles—the whole new and lustrous—in semblance stone, in substance stucco—cracks in the stucco denoting "settlements." But the house being let for ninety-nine years—relet again on a running lease of seven, fourteen, and twenty-one—the builder is not answerable for duration, nor the original lessee for repairs. Take it altogether, than Alhambra Villa masonry could devise no better type of modern taste and metropolitan speculation.

Mr. Poole, since we saw him, between four and five years ago, has entered the matrimonial state. He has married a lady of some money, and become a reformed man. He has eschewed the turf, relinquished belcher neckcloths and Newmarket coats—dropped his old bachelor acquaintances. When a man marries and reforms—especially when marriage and reform are accompanied with increased income, and settled respectably in Alhambra Villa—relations, before estranged, tender kindly overtures; the world, before austere, becomes indulgent. It was so with Poole—no longer Dolly. Grant that in earlier life he had fallen into bad ways, and, among equivocal associates, he had been led on by that taste for sporting which is a manly though a perilous characteristic of the true-born Englishman. He who loves horses is liable to come in contact with blacklegs. The racer is a noble animal; but it is his misfortune that the better his breeding the worse his company. Grant that in the stables Adolphus Samuel Poole had picked up some wild oats—he had sown them now. By-gones were by-gones. He had made a very prudent marriage. Mrs. Poole was a sensible woman—had rendered him domestic, and would keep him straight! His uncle Samuel, a most worthy man, had found him that sensible woman, and, having found her, had paid his nephew's debts, and adding a round sum to the lady's fortune, had seen that the whole was so tightly settled on wife and children that Poole had the tender satisfaction of knowing that, happen what might to himself, those dear ones were safe; nay, that if, in the reverses of fortune, he should be compelled by persecuting creditors to fly his native shores, law could not impair the competence it had settled upon Mrs. Poole, nor destroy her blessed privilege to share that competence with a beloved spouse. Insolvency itself, thus protected by a marriage-settlement, realizes the sublime security of VIRTUE immortalized by the Roman Muse:

—"Repulsæ nescia sordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus;
Nec sumit aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis auræ."

Mr. Poole was an active man in the parish vestry—he was a sound politician—he subscribed to public charities—he attended public dinners

—he had votes in half a dozen public institutions—he talked of the public interests, and called himself a public man. He chose his associates among gentlemen in business—speculative, it is true, but steady. A joint-stock company was set up; he obtained an official station at its board, coupled with a salary—not large, indeed, but still a salary.

"The money," said Adolphus Samuel Poole, "is not my object; but I like to have something to do." I can not say how he did something, but no doubt somebody was done.

Mr. Poole was in his parlor, reading letters and sorting papers, before he departed to his office in the West End. Mrs. Poole entered, leading an infant who had not yet learned to walk alone, and denoting, by an interesting enlargement of shape, a kindly design to bless that infant, at no distant period, with a brother or sister, as the case might be.

"Come and kiss Pa, Johnny," said she to the infant.

"Mrs. Poole, I am busy," growled Pa.

"Pa's busy—working hard for little Johnny. Johnny will be the better for it some day," said Mrs. Poole, tossing the infant half up to the ceiling, in compensation for the loss of the paternal kiss.

"Mrs. Poole, what do you want?"

"May I hire Jones's brougham for two hours to-day to pay visits? There are a great many cards we ought to leave; is there any place where I should leave a card for you, lovey—any person of consequence you were introduced to at Mrs. Haughton's last night? That great man they were all talking about, to whom you seemed to take such a fancy, Samuel, duck—"

"Do get out! that man insulted me, I tell you."

"Insulted you! No; you never told me."

"I did tell you last night coming home."

"Dear me, I thought you meant that Mr. Hartopp."

"Well, *he* almost insulted me, too. Mrs. Poole, you are stupid and disagreeable. Is that all you have to say?"

"Pa's cross, Johnny dear! poor Pa!—people have vexed Pa, Johnny—naughty people. We must go, or we shall vex him too."

Such heavenly sweetness on the part of a forbearing wife would have softened Tamburlane. Poole's sullen brow relaxed. If women knew how to treat men, not a husband, unhenpecked, would be found from Indos to the Pole! And Poole, for all his surly demeanor, was as completely governed by that angel as a bear by his keeper.

"Well, Mrs. Poole, excuse me. I own I am out of sorts to-day—give me little Johnny—there (kissing the infant, who in return makes a dig at Pa's left eye, and begins to cry on finding that he has not succeeded in digging it out)—take the brougham. Hush, Johnny—hush—and you may leave a card for me at Mr. Peckham's, Harley Street. My eye smarts horribly; that baby will gouge me one of these days."

Mrs. Poole has succeeded in stilling the infant, and confessing that Johnny's fingers are extremely strong for his age—but, adding, that babies will catch at whatever is very bright and beautiful, such as gold and jewels, and Mr. Poole's eyes, administers to the wounded orb so soothing a lotion of pity and admiration that Poole growls out quite mildly—"Nonsense, blarney—by-the-by, I did not say this morning that you should not have the rosewood chiffoniere."

"No, you said you could not afford it, duck; and when Pa says he can't afford it, Pa must be the judge—must not he, Johnny dear?"

"But, perhaps, I can afford it. Yes, you may have it—yes, I say, you *shall* have it. Don't forget to leave that card on Peckham—he's a moneyed man. There's a ring at the bell, who is it? Run and see."

Mrs. Poole obeyed with great activity, considering her interesting condition. She came back in half a minute.

"Oh, my Adolphus! oh, my Samuel! it is that dreadful-looking man who was here the other evening—staid with you so long. I don't like his looks at all. Pray, don't be at home."

"I must," said Poole, turning a shade paler, if that were possible. "Stop—don't let that girl go to the door, and you leave me." He snatched his hat and gloves, and putting aside the parlor maid, who had emerged from the shades below in order to answer the 'ring,' walked hastily down the small garden.

Jasper Losely was stationed at the little gate. Jasper was no longer in rags, but he was coarsely clad—clad as if he had resigned all pretense to please a lady's eye, or to impose upon a West-End tradesman—a check shirt—a rough pea-jacket, his hands buried in its pockets.

Poole started with well-simulated surprise. "What, you! I am just going to my office—in a great hurry at present."

"Hurry or not, I must and will speak to you," said Jasper, doggedly.

"What now? then, step in;—only remember I can't give you more than five minutes."

The rude visitor followed Poole into the back parlor, and closed the door after him.

Leaning his arms over a chair, his hat still on his head, Losely fixed his fierce eyes on his old friend, and said in a low, set, determined voice—"Now, mark me, Dolly Poole, if you think to shirk my business, or throw me over, you'll find yourself in Queer Street. Have you called on Guy Darrell, and put my case to him, or have you not?"

"I met Mr. Darrell only last night, at a very genteel party. (Poole deemed it prudent not to say by whom that genteel party was given, for it will be remembered that Poole had been Jasper's confidant in that adventurer's former designs upon Mrs. Haughton; and if Jasper knew that Poole had made her acquaintance, might he not insist upon Poole's reintroducing him as a visiting acquaintance?) "A very genteel party," repeated Poole. "I made a point of being presented to Mr. Darrell, and very polite he was at first."

"Curse his politeness—get to the point."

"I sounded my way very carefully, as you may suppose; and when I had got him into friendly chat, you understand, I began: Ah! my poor Losely, nothing to be done *there*—he flew off in a tangent—as much as desired me to mind my own business, and hold my tongue; and upon my life, I don't think there is a chance for you in that quarter."

"Very well—we shall see. Next, have you taken any steps to find out the girl, my daughter?"

"I have, I assure you. But you give me so slight a clew. Are you quite sure she is not in America after all?"

"I have told you before that that story about America was all bosh! a stratagem of the old gentleman's to deceive me. Poor old man," continued Jasper, in a tone that positively betrayed feeling—"I don't wonder that he dreads and flies me; yet I would not hurt him more than I have done, even to be as well off as you are—blinking at me from your mahogany perch like a pet owl with its crop full of mice. And if I would take the girl from him, it is for her own good. For if Darrell could be got to make a provision on her, and, through her, on myself, why, of course, the old man should share the benefit of it. And now that these infernal pains often keep me awake half the night, I can't always shut out the idea of that old man wandering about the world, and dying in a ditch. And that runaway girl—to whom, I dare swear, he would give away his last crumb of bread—ought to be an annuity to us both: Basta, basta! As to the American story—I had a friend at Paris, who went to America on a speculation; I asked him to inquire about this William Waife and his grand-daughter Sophy, who were said to have sailed for New York nearly five years ago, and he saw the very persons—settled in New York—no longer under the name of Waife, but their true name of Simpson, and got out from the man that they had been induced to take their passage from England in the name of Waife, at the request of a person whom the man would not give up, but to whom he said he was under obligations. Perhaps the old gentleman had done the fellow a kind turn in early life. The description of this *soi disant* Waife and his grandchild settles the matter;—wholly unlike those I seek; so that there is every reason to suppose they must still be in England, and it is your business to find them. Continue your search—quicken your wits—let me be better pleased with your success when I call again this day week—and meanwhile four pounds, if you please—as much more as you like."

"Why, I gave you four pounds the other day, besides six pounds for clothes; it can't be gone."

"Every penny."

"Dear, dear! can't you maintain yourself anyhow? Can't you get any one to play at cards? Four pounds! Why, with your talent for whist, four pounds are a capital?"

"Whom can I play with? Whom can I herd with?—Cracksmen and pickpockets. Fit me out; ask me to your own house; invite your own friends; make up a rubber, and you will then see what I can do with four pounds; and may go shares if you like, as we used to do."

"Don't talk so loud. Losely, you know very well that what you ask is impossible. I've turned over a new leaf."

"But I've still got your handwriting on the old leaf."

"What's the good of these stupid threats? If you really wanted to do me a mischief, where could you go to, and who'd believe you?"

"I fancy your wife would, I'll try. Hillo—"

"Stop—stop—stop. No row here, Sir. No scandal. Hold your tongue, or I'll send for the police."

"Do! Nothing I should like better. I'm tired out. I want to tell my own story at the Old Bailey, and have my revenge upon you, upon Darrell, upon all. Send for the police."

Losely threw himself at length on the sofa—(new morocco, with spring cushions)—and folded his arms.

"You could only give me five minutes—they are gone, I fear. I am more liberal. I give you your own time to consider. I don't care if I stay to dine; I dare say Mrs. Poole will excuse my dress."

"Losely, you are such a—fellow! If I do give you the four pounds you ask, will you promise to shift for yourself somehow, and molest me no more?"

"Certainly not. I shall come once every week for the same sum. I can't live upon less—until—"

"Until what?"

"Until either you get Mr. Darrell to settle on me a suitable provision; or until you place me in possession of my daughter, and I can then be in a better condition to treat with him myself; for if I would make a claim on account of the girl, I must produce the girl, or he may say she is dead. Besides, if she be as pretty as she was when a child, the very sight of her might move him more than all my talk."

"And if I succeed in doing any thing with Mr. Darrell, or discovering your daughter, you will give up all such letters and documents of mine as you say you possess?"

"'Say—I possess!' I have shown them to you in this pocket-book. Dolly Poole—your own proposition to rob old Latham's safe."

Poole eyed the book, which the ruffian took out and tapped. Had the ruffian been a slighter man, Poole would have been a braver one. As it was—he eyed and groaned. "Turn against one's old crony! So unhandsome, so unlike what I thought you were!"

"It is you who would turn against me. But stick to Darrell, or find me my daughter, and help her and me to get justice out of him; and you shall not only have back these letters, but I'll pay you handsomely—handsomely, Dolly Poole. Zooks, Sir—I am fallen—but I am always a gentleman."

Therewith Losely gave a vehement slap to his hat, which, crushed by the stroke, improved his general appearance into an aspect so outrageously raffish, that but for the expression of his countenance the contrast between the boast and the man would have been ludicrous even to Mr. Poole. The countenance was too dark to permit laughter. In the dress, but the ruin of fortune—in the face, the ruin of man.

Poole heaved a deep sigh, and extended four sovereigns. Losely rose and took them carelessly. "This day week," he said—shook himself—and went his way.

CHAPTER VI.

French touches to the Three Vignettes for the Book of Beauty.

Weeks passed—the London season was beginning—Darrell had decided nothing—the prestige of his position was undiminished—in politics, perhaps, higher. He had succeeded in reconciling some great men; he had strengthened, it might be saved, a jarring cabinet. In all this he had shown admirable knowledge of mankind, and proved that time and disuse had not lessened his powers of perception. In his matrimonial designs Darrell seemed more bent than ever upon the hazard—irresolute as ever on the choice of a partner. Still the choice appeared to be circumscribed to the fair three who had been subjected to Colonel Morley's speculative criticism—Lady Adela, Miss Vipont, Flora Vyvyan. Much *pro* and *con* might be said in respect to each. Lady Adela was so handsome that it was a pleasure to look at her; and that is much when one sees the handsome face every day—provided the pleasure does not wear off. She had the reputation of a very good temper; and the expression of her countenance confirmed it. There, panegyric stopped; but detraction did not commence. What remained was inoffensive commonplace. She had no salient attribute, and no ruling passion. Certainly she would never have wasted a thought on Mr. Darrell, nor have discovered a single merit in him, if he had not been quoted as a very rich man of high character in search of a wife; and if her father had not said to her—"Adela, Mr. Darrell has been greatly struck with your appearance—he told me so. He is not young, but he is still a very fine-looking man, and you are twenty-seven. 'Tis a greater distinction to be noticed by a person of his years and position than by a pack of silly young fellows, who think more of their own pretty faces than they would ever do of yours. If you did not mind a little disparity of years, he would make you a happy wife; and, in the course of nature, a widow, not too old to enjoy liberty, and with a jointure that might entitle you to a still better match."

Darrell, thus put into Lady Adela's head, he remained there, and became an *idèe fixe*. Viewed in the light of a probable husband, he was elevated into an "interesting man." She would have received his addresses with gentle complacency; and, being more the creature of habit than impulse, would, no doubt, in the intimacy of connubial life, have blessed him, or any other admiring husband, with a reasonable modicum of languid affection. Nevertheless, Lady Adela was an unconscious impostor; for, owing to a mild softness of eye and a susceptibility to blushes, a victim ensnared by her beauty would be apt to give her credit for a nature far more accessible to the romance of the tender passions, than, happily perhaps for her own peace of mind, she possessed; and might flatter himself that he had produced a sensation which gave that softness to the eye, and that damask to the blush.

Honoria Vipont would have been a choice far more creditable to the good sense of so mature a wooer. Few better specimens of a young lady brought up to become an accomplished woman of the world. She had sufficient instruction to be the companion of an ambitious man—solid judgment to fit her for his occasional adviser. She could preside with dignity over a stately household—receive with grace distinguished guests. Fitted to administer an ample fortune, ample fortune was necessary to the development of her excellent qualities. If a man of Darrell's age were bold enough to marry a young wife, a safer wife among the young ladies of London he could scarcely find; for though Honoria was only three-and-twenty, she was as staid, as sensible, and as remote from all girlish frivolities as if she had been eight-and-thirty. Certainly, had Guy Darrell been of her own years, his fortune unmade, his fame to win, a lawyer residing at the back of Holborn, or a petty squire in the petty demesnes of Fawley, he would have had no charm in the eyes of Honoria Vipont. Disparity of years was in this case not his drawback but his advantage, since to that disparity Darrell owed the established name and the eminent station which made Honoria think she elevated her own self in preferring him. It is but justice to her to distinguish here between a woman's veneration for the attributes of respect which a man gathers round him, and the more vulgar sentiment which sinks the man altogether, except as the necessary fixture to be taken in with the general valuation. It is not fair to ask if a girl who entertains a preference for one of our toiling, stirring, ambitious sex, who may be double her age, or have a snub nose, but who looks dignified and imposing on a pedestal of state, whether she would like him as much if stripped of all his accessories, and left unredeemed to his baptismal register or unbecoming nose. Just as well ask a girl in love with a young Lotharia if she would like him as much if he had been ugly and crooked. The high name of the one man is as much a part of him as good looks are to the other. Thus, though it was said of Madame de la Vallière that she loved Louis XIV. for himself and not for his regal grandeur, is there a woman in the world, however disinterested, who believes that Madame de la Villière would have liked Louis XIV. as much if Louis XIV. had been Mr. John Jones! Honoria would not have bestowed her hand on a brainless, worthless nobleman, whatever his rank or wealth. She was above that sort of ambition; but neither would she have married the best-looking and worthiest John Jones who ever bore that British appellation, if he had not occupied the social position which brought the merits of a Jones within range of the eye-glass of a Vipont.

Many girls in the nursery say to their juvenile confidants, "I will only marry the man I love." Honoria had ever said, "I will only marry the man I respect." Thus it was her respect for Guy Darrell that made her honor him by her preference. She appreciated his intellect—she fell in love with the reputation which the intellect had acquired. And Darrell might certainly choose worse. His cool reason inclined him much to Honoria. When Alban Morley argued in her favor he had no escape from acquiescence, except in the turns and doubles of his ironical humor. But his heart was a rebel to his reason; and between you and me, Honoria was exactly one of those young women by whom a man of grave years ought to be attracted, and by whom, somehow or other, he never is; I suspect, because the older we grow the more we love youthfulness of character. When Alcides, having gone through all the fatigues of life, took a bride in Olympus, he ought to have selected Minerva, but he chose Hebe.

Will Darrell find his Hebe in Flora Vyvyan? Alban Morley became more and more alarmed by that apprehension. He was shrewd enough to recognize in her the girl of all others formed to glad the eye and plague the heart of a grave and reverend seigneur. And it might well not only flatter the vanity, but beguile the judgment, of a man who feared his hand would be accepted only for the sake of his money, that Flora, just at this moment, refused the greatest match in the kingdom—young Lord Vipont, son of the new Earl of Montfort—a young man of good sense, high character, well-looking as men go, heir to estates almost royal—a young man whom no girl on earth is justified in refusing. But would the whimsical creature accept Darrell? Was she not merely making sport of him, and if, caught by her arts, he, sage and elder, solemnly offered homage and hand to that *belle dedaigneuse* who had just doomed to despair a comely young magnate with five times his fortune, would she not hasten to make him the ridicule of London?

Darrell had, perhaps, his secret reasons for thinking otherwise, but he did not confide them even to Alban Morley. This much only will the narrator, more candid, say to the reader—if out of the three whom his thoughts fluttered round, Guy Darrell wished to select the one who would love him best—love him with the whole, fresh, unreasoning heart of a girl whose childish frowardness sprung from childlike innocence—let him dare the hazard of refusal and of ridicule; let him say to Flora Vyvyan, in the pathos of his sweet, deep voice, "Come, and be the spoiled darling of my gladdened age; let my life, ere it sink into night, be rejoiced by the bloom and fresh breeze of the morning!"

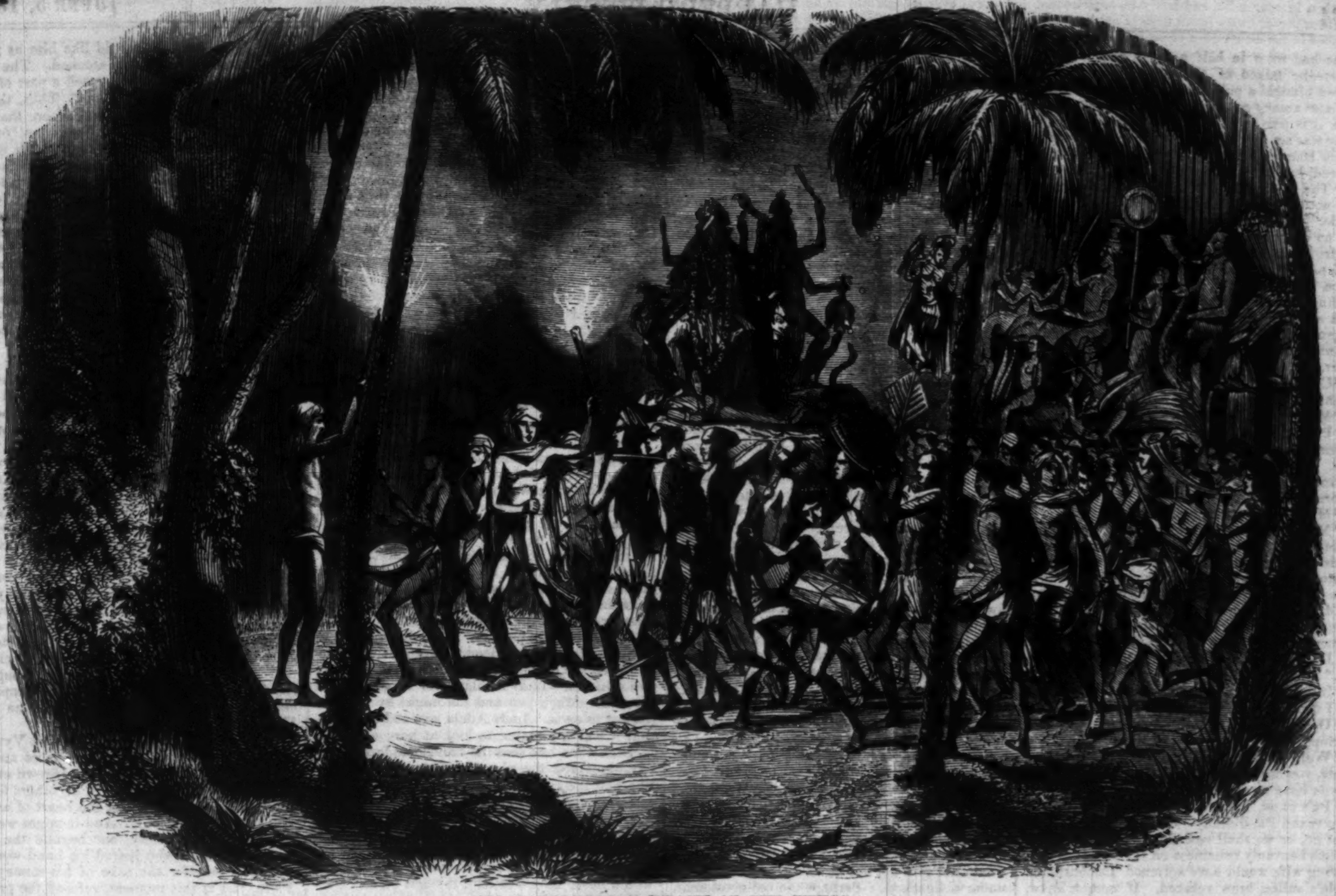
But to say it he must wish it; he himself must love—love with all the lavish indulgence, all the knightly tenderness, all the grateful sympathizing joy in the youth of the beloved, when youth for the lover is no more, which alone can realize what we sometimes see, though loth to own it—congenial unions with unequal years. If Darrell feel not that love, woe to him; woe and thrice shame if he allure to his hearth one who might indeed be a Hebe to the spouse who gave up to her his whole heart in return for hers; but to the spouse who had no heart to give, or gave but the chips of it, the Hebe, indignant, would be worse than Erinnys!

All things considered, then, they who wish well to Guy Darrell must range with Alban Morley in favor of Miss Honoria Vipont. She proffering affectionate respect, Darrell responding by rational esteem. So, perhaps, Darrell himself thought; for whenever Miss Vipont was named he became more taciturn, more absorbed in reflection, and sighed heavily, like a man who slowly makes up his mind to a decision, wise but not tempting.

THE KALEE-POOJAH OF THE THUGS.

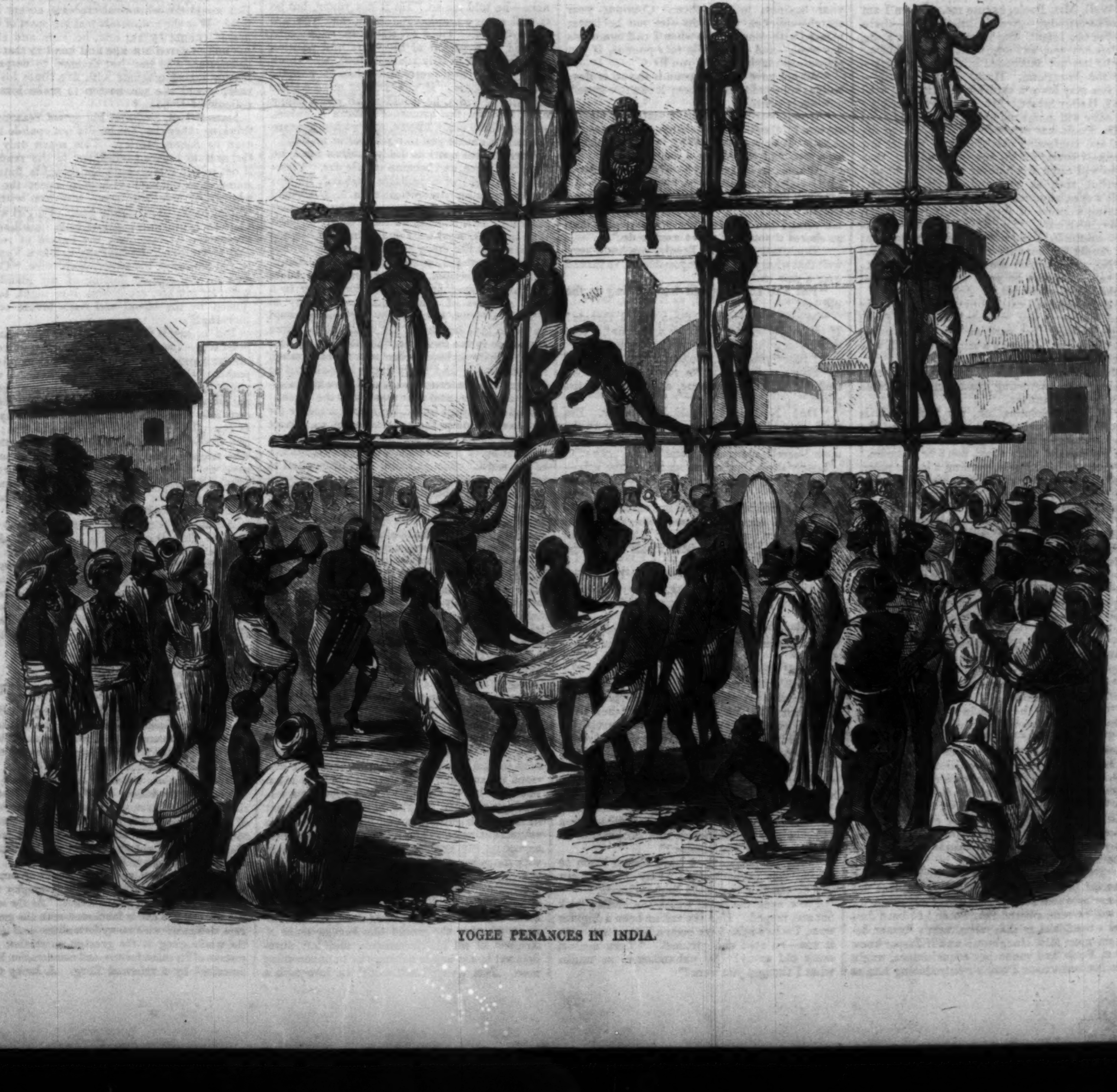
In No. 50 of the first volume of *Harper's Weekly* we gave an illustration showing the manner of camping out among the Thugs in India. The engraving upon the following page represents one of the religious festivals of the horrid band. It is well known that, although they rob those they murder, yet the killing itself is with the Thugs a matter of religious observance. They are devotees of the goddess Kalee, and every murder committed, under favorable omens, and without spilling blood—which is abhorred by the goddess—is a direct act of homage to her.

One of the most curious of the Thug superstitions is connected with the tool they employ to excavate the graves of their victims. As the service is holy, the pickaxe is fabricated with the greatest care, dedicated with many formalities, and held by the whole gang in the greatest veneration. The process of its manufacture and consecration is thus described by a reformed Thug. A lucky day is



THE KALEE-POOJAH [FEAST] OF THE THUGS.

fixed upon (the Thug does every thing on lucky days), and on this the leader of the gang proceeds to the smith's forge, where, with closed doors, and every precaution against intrusion, the implement is made. After this, it must be consecrated to the service of the goddess Kalee. One well versed in the Thug traditions receives it in a brazen dish, and washes it first in water, next in sugar and wa-



YOGEE PENANCES IN INDIA.

ter, then in sour milk, and lastly in arrack rum. It is then marked with seven spots of red lead, and replaced in the dish with a cocoa-nut, cloves, sandal-wood, and sugar: these articles, except the cocoa-nut, are then burned, and the pickaxe passed seven times through the flame, after which the leader takes the cocoa-nut and endeavors to divide it with one blow of the pickaxe. Upon the success or failure of this blow the whole matter depends. Failure renders of no avail all the preceding ceremonies, and the tool is at once destroyed. Success completes the consecration, and causes a general jubilee in the gang, who augur well of the expedition which begins so favorably. Prostrating themselves on the ground before the fortunate pick, this is handed over to the leader, who must be a tried Thug. He places it in a well, or buries it in a retired spot till it is wanted for use. Thereupon the whole gang betake themselves, at dead of night, to the hidden retreat of their goddess, convey the image into some retired nook in the forest, and there hold the celebration which our engraving represents.

The image of the goddess is fearfully hideous. It has three eyes—one being, Polyphemus like, in the centre of the forehead; four arms, two on each side, the two lower ones holding the gifts of her devotees, and the upper ones the fatal handkerchief. The head-quarters of the goddess, curiously enough, are in Calcutta, where, however, she has for her devotees all manner of men and women, but not the initiated of her favored fraternity, who worship her image in private.

It is a curious fact, which came out in the examinations, that the Thugs believed seriously that the buried pickaxe would come out of the well, of itself, at the bidding of the man who placed it there. This was firmly believed by even the most intelligent of the bands. When employed to dig the grave of a murdered man, should the pickaxe fall from the hands of the sexton Thug, the whole gang is panic-stricken; regarding this as the worst of all evil omens, betokening the death of the man who dropped it within the year, and disasters to the whole gang, who are henceforth regarded as doomed men, and shunned by all true Thugs. Farther, the pickaxe is used to give solemnity to an oath. The Thugs believe that the most horrible of deaths will, in a few days, overtake any one who violates an oath taken on a sanctified pick. They believe that *goor*, or sugar, distributed to the band amidst the ceremonies of the goddess, which are represented in our illustration, hardens their hearts, and so entirely changes their natures that, no matter how merciful or disinclined to murder the person was before taking it, he will never be else than a zealous Thug after it.

THE YOGEES OF INDIA.

In the second illustration on the preceding page is depicted one of the many modes of self-torture practiced by the Yogees, a set of mendicant philosophers of Hindostan. These men form a distinct caste, and devote themselves to a mixed life of begging, stealing, cheating, and voluntary self-torment. In times past these men moved in vast bands from place to place, visiting various holy shrines under pretense of worship, but taking care to lay towns and cities, and even whole provinces, under contribution by the way. Sometimes, indeed, the tribute was exacted by force of arms, and the pious Yogee turned marauder. In the time of Warren Hastings such a swarm fell upon Bengal, like a flight of locusts, and marched through the country at full speed, burning and destroying every thing in their way. A body of Sepoy troops was sent after them; but they moved at a speed which defied regular infantry, and regained their native mountains in safety.

Many of the Yogees are devotees of the strictest order; and live only for the fulfillment of the various vows which they make in early life. Such a band is represented in our illustration. They have sworn to torment themselves in company, and so go about from town to town, exhibiting themselves to the public, suspended in various positions from a bamboo frame-work, thus obtaining contributions from the piously inclined. Some are fastened to the frame-work with nails through their hands or ears; some balance themselves on the poles, holding hot irons in their hands; and others throw themselves violently to the ground, from various heights of the bamboo staging. "Hook swinging" is one mode of torture, or penance, in use among the Yogees at the present day; and practiced chiefly at Benares, at a yearly feast of one of the many thousand gods of that monkey-ridden city. The British authorities have endeavored to put a stop to this exhibition, but the superstitious prejudices of the natives have triumphed, and last year the festival was more brilliant than ever, and an unusual number of holy beggars dangled from their appropriate poles by iron hooks thrust into their sides.

But these are not the only forms of this penance. Some of the Yogees make a solemn vow to continue for life in one unvaried position; others traverse vast provinces, dragging a heavy chain; some crawl on their hands and knees, for years, around the entire Indian Empire; and yet others travel from the most remote places to the sacred banks of the Ganges, by rolling their bodies over and over in the mud and dust of the common road, relying upon the kindness of passers-by for food and drink. Some swing, during their miserable lives, before a hot fire; others suspend themselves, with their heads downward, for a certain time, over the fiercest flames; some eat nothing but the grain which has passed through a cow; and indeed this, after being washed clean from its accompaniments, is considered by the most pious Brahmins the purest of all food—so great is their veneration for the cow, the incarnation of Vishnu. A traveler relates the case of a devotee of Siva, who had made a vow to fix every year a large iron ring into the most tender part of his body, to which was fixed a long and heavy chain, which was thus dragged over the ground by him. This extraordinary saint had just put in the seventh ring, and was carrying the seventh chain about his shoulders, until the newly-made orifice should become callous. And again another, who had for so many years held his arms motionless above his head that the muscles had withered, the nails, of twenty years' growth, were like extraordinary horns, and the limbs were fixed motionless in their unnatural posture. Unable to feed himself, this fellow, who had the appearance of a wild beast, was waited on by numbers of wealthy and pious Hindoo ladies, who vied with each other in feeding and attending upon so great a saint.

Such are some of the dark superstitions which meet the Christian missionary on every hand in India. Many of these practices have been, for years, not only countenanced, but pecuniarily supported, by the British East India Company, which, regardless of morality, and intent only upon the amassing of rupees, supported the temples and devotees, for the sake of a pilgrim-tax which was levied on all who approached the protected shrines.

Miscellany.

—We never tire of reading of

Harem Life.

Madame La Princess Belgiojoso, who, during the Russian War, wandered about Asia Minor and Syria, has, in a volume lately published in Paris, made a deliberate attempt to destroy what little of romance is still connected with the subject. As a lady she had, of course, advantages for seeing the inner life of the Orientals which are refused to male travelers—and she saw sufficient to prove that not even the last charm, beauty, belongs to the wretched inmates of the Turkish Harem. Here is a sketch of

Turkish Fashions:

Imagine walls blackened and cracked, ceilings with the beams gaping and covered with dust and spiders' webs, sofas torn and greasy, *portières* in tatters, traces of tallow and oil every where. When I entered for the first time one of these charming places I was disgusted, but the mistresses of the house did not perceive it. Mirrors being very scarce in these countries, the ladies bedizen themselves in the strangest possible guise. They thrust a number of bejeweled pins into printed cotton handkerchiefs and then roll them round their heads. They pay not the slightest attention to their hair, and only the very great ladies who have visited the capital possess combs. As for the many-colored paints, of which they make an immoderate use, they can only regulate their distribution by mutual assistance, and as the women living in the same house are so many rivals, the great object is to render them ridiculous. They put vermilion on their lips, rouge on their cheeks, nose, forehead, and chin, white wherever there is a vacancy, and blue round their eyes and under their nose. Stranger still is the manner in which they paint their eyebrows. They are doubtlessly told that, to be beautiful, the eyebrow should form a large arch, and they have thence concluded that the larger the arch the more beautiful is the eyebrow, without inquiring whether its position is not irrevocably fixed by nature. This being the case, they allow their eyebrows all the space between the temples, and paint on their foreheads two immense arches, which, starting from the top of the nose, run across the forehead. Some young eccentric beauties prefer a straight line to a curve, and trace a broad black band across the forehead; but these are exceptions.

—Having gone through the women's apartments, the Princess had an interview with the aged *paterfamilias*, whom she interrogated on some domestic customs which are brought out in this picture of a

Lively old Patriarch.

"But," I asked again, "as his excellency is no longer young, and has had, as it seems, several young wives always, and only regards them as such to the age of thirty, I calculate that during the course of his long life he must have received a very considerable number into his harem."

"Probably," said the holy man, without any emotion.

"And your excellency has, doubtless, many children?"

The patriarch and his servant looked at each other and burst into a loud laugh.

"Many children?" replied the master, when the fit of mirth had passed off, "I really believe I have; but I could not tell you the number. Say, Hassan," he added, addressing his servant, "could you tell me how many children I have, or where they are?"

"Indeed not. His excellency has them in all the provinces of the empire, and in all the districts of each province; but that is all I know, and I would bet that my master is not wiser than I am on that point."

"And how should I be?" said the old gentleman.

I insisted, for my patriarch was losing my esteem rapidly, and I wished to open his whole heart. "These children," I continued, "how are they brought up? who takes care of them? at what age are they separated from their father? where are they sent? what profession do they follow? what are their means of existence? and by what sign can you recognize them?"

"Oh! I may be mistaken, like any one else; but that is of slight importance. They are all brought up by me, as you see. I am educating these two, until the age when they can take care of themselves. The girls are married, or betrothed, as soon as they have reached their tenth or twelfth year, and I never hear any more about them. The boys are not so precocious, they can not walk alone until they are fourteen; but then I give them a letter of recommendation to some friend in business; he employs them himself or finds them a place, and, after that, I wash my hands of them."

"And you do not see them again?" I went on.

"How do I know? I receive very often visits from people who call themselves my sons, and who may be so. I give them a kind greeting, and keep them for some days without asking any questions; but, at the end of that time, they see there is no room for them here, and nothing for them to do. Their mothers being dead, they are strangers to me. Thus they go away, and never come back any more. Others arrive in their place, and behave in the same way. Nothing could be better."

I was not yet satisfied. "But," I went on, "are these pretty children you are now caressing destined to undergo the same treatment?"

"Certainly."

"You will separate from them when they are ten or fourteen years of age? You will not be anxious as to what becomes of them? You will never see them again, perhaps? And if they do come back, you will treat them as strangers, and see them go away forever, without giving them one of those kisses of which you are so prodigal to-day? What will become of you presently in your desolate house, when the voice of your children no longer resounds through it?"

I was beginning to grow animated, and my friend did not understand me. The servant, however, seizing the sense of my last words, hastened to reassure me as to the future isolation of his revered master.

"Oh no," he said, "when these children are grown up his excellency will have others quite small. You may safely trust to him in that matter: he will not allow any failure."

Hereupon master and servant burst out laughing once more.

—This is said to be a Utilitarian age. Every body wants to be useful; but with the majority this desire is little more than discontent with that position in which Providence has placed them—a longing, so to speak, to exchange from a small tread-mill to a large one. Bishop Jebb has some sensible words on this subject of

Usefulness.

The most efficacious manner in which we can act usefully in the immense circle of the world, and for the good of humanity, is to fill our place in the circumscribed circle of domestic virtues; to form around us an atmosphere of love and benevolence. We must do the good that lies in our power; it afterward belongs to Providence, and not to us, to make that good contribute to the general utility.

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Oh, pray let me have my way this time!" said a young gentleman to his lady-love. "Well, Willy, I suppose I must, this once; but you know that after we are married I shall always have a Will of my own."

As two of our children were playing together, little Jane got angry and *pouted*. Johnny said to her, "Look out, Jane, or I'll take a seat up there on your lips." "Then," replied Jane, quite cured of her pouts, "I'll laugh, and you'll fall off."

During a recent slander case there was a large number of ladies present, who caused a gentle murmuring all the while. The usher called out repeatedly, "Silence!" when the judge mildly said: "Mr. Usher, don't you know better than to call *silence* when *ladies* are in court!"

A gentleman having occasion to call upon an author, found him at home in his writing-chamber. He remarked the great heat of the apartment, and said it "was as hot as an oven." "So it ought to be," replied the writer, "for it is here where I *make my bread!*"

Little Nellie, not quite four years an inhabitant of earth, had been so unfortunate as to have no playmate but an older brother, and he was her instructor in diction. She had been quite refractory, and her mother, after much good counsel and reproof and very kind remonstrances with her, told her she must now whip her, and looked very melancholy. When Nellie says, "Well, mamma, if you must" (with her little arms akimbo), "*why, let her rip!*"

Joy, Temperance, and Repose,
Slam the door on the doctor's nose.

A Word to the weaker Vessel.—A lady who obstinately persists in wearing hoops ought not to complain of being ridiculed. If she will make a barrel of herself, she must expect to be treated as a butt.

Ladies have the Pull of Gentlemen.—Ladies are following the profession of dentistry in New York. Smellfungus, in his cynical manner, approves of this, and the reason of his approval is, because "Women (he says) are universally acknowledged to be the most practiced hands at stopping men's mouths!"

Happy is the husband who can take his wife down Broadway without stopping at a shawl shop.

Habits of Healthy Exercise.—If a young lady is unable to sport a riding habit, she should adopt a walking habit.

The Hebrew Mind.—"Penny wise, and Pound foolish," as *Shylock* was.

A perilous Position.—A lady swooned the other day before one of the horrible pictures in the Academy. Owing to the preposterous circumference of her dress, it was found impossible to approach within several yards of her. It was apprehended at one time that she would perish within sight of several hundred sympathizing by-standers, owing to the difficulty of conveying assistance to her; and it was not before the greater part of her skirt (more than sufficient, we are informed, to fill, with the flounces and trimmings, three good-sized wheel-barrows) had been ruthlessly cut away, that restoratives could be administered to her. One minute more delay, and the case might have been fatal!

Mr. S—— has a smart little boy, who frequently gets off a good thing. A few evenings since, as the old man was preparing to ask a blessing on a scanty meal, he was interrupted by this little son, who, leaning reverently forward and folding his hands, thus began:

"Four slices of bread for four of us,
We bless thee, Lord, there *ain't* no more of us."

The Providence *Telegraph* says: "Marshal Hudson handed us the following document, which we publish as indicative of the zeal which animates some of the good people, though it may, perhaps, be a question whether it is a zeal according to knowledge. We publish it *verbatim et literatim:*

"'Mr. William H. Hudson, Esq.—Sir: I beg to inform That if you do not Send your police to have Joseph Charnley Arrested for continueing in the nuance act, Sum one will have to do So in your Stead, So as A friend I tell you plainly to have it done to-morrow without any hesitateing one hour if you regard your office.'"

The following advertisement appears in an Illinois paper, from a man in the pursuit of business under difficulties:

"take Notice.

"I have moved my residence, my shop is in the fore room of the Jail. all persons wishing to see me will please call, as my business is so, that i can't leave.

"Yours most truly, Charles R. Johnson."

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Monday, May* 31, 1858.

The Wholesale Produce Markets during the past week have been decidedly brisker for Flour and Wheat, each of which has arrived quite freely, and as receivers have generally been eager sellers, prices have tended downward. Corn continued scarce at advancing prices up to Thursday. Since that day the receipts of Mixed Western have increased, and prices have fallen off. The demand has been fair throughout the week. Rye, Barley, and Oats have declined, with more sellers than buyers ....Cotton has been in limited request at drooping rates ....Groceries have been less sought after, though buyers have had any existing advantage....Provisions have been in fair demand, at, however, irregular prices.... Hay has been moderately dealt in at steady figures.... A limited inquiry has prevailed for Hops, which have slightly declined....Naval Stores have been in request, and they close steadily....Less activity was discernible in Tobacco....Domestic Wool attracted considerable attention at somewhat better prices.

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first-class Beeves, per pound..	$ 8	@	$ 10
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	20 00	@	60 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	6½
Sheep and Lambs, per head...........	3 00	@	10 50
" " per pound.........	11	@	12½
Live Swine, per pound................	4¾	@	5½
Dressed " "	5½	@	6½
Roasting Pigs, each..................	1 25	@	2 50

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Apples, per barrel..................	$3 50	@	$5 00
Apples, dried, per pound............	5	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	20	@	21
Plums, dried, per pound.............	20	@	21
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Strawberries, new, per quart box	25	@	62
Cherries, new, per pound	10	@	15
Watermelons, per 100	25 00	@	40 00
Squashes, per 100	3 00	@	4 00
String Beans, per barrel	6 00	@	9 00
Beans, per barrel	1 10	@	1 75
Potatoes, old, per barrel...........	1 25	@	3 00
" per bushel..................	80	@	85
" new, per barrel	3 50	@	5 50
Onions, new, per barrel.............	4 00	@	4 50
Cucumbers, per dozen	1 25	@	—
Turnips, new, per 100 bunches	2 50	@	4 75
Cabbage, new, per dozen	1 00	@	1 25
Asparagus, per bunch	8	@	25
Rhubarb, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	5 00
Garlic, per 100.....................	—	@	5 00
Parsley, per 100 bunches............	3 00	@	3 50
Lettuce, per 100 bunches............	1 50	@	2 00
Radishes, per 100 bunches...........	50	@	75
Spinach, per barrel.................	1 50	@	2 00
Green Peas, per barrel	4 00	@	4 50
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	11½	@	12
Chickens, per pair..................	50	@	1 00
Fowls, per pound....................	10	@	14
Fowls, per pair.....................	75	@	1 00
Ducks, per pair	75	@	1 25
Ducks, per pound	18	@	20
Turkeys, per pound..................	14	@	18
Pigeons, per dozen	62	@	1 75
Snipe, per pair.....................	37	@	50
Plover, per pair....................	37	@	50
Teal, per pair	37	@	50

ADVERTISEMENTS.

JUST RECEIVED!!
VERY HANDSOME FRENCH LACE MANTILLAS. NEW IN STYLE, AND AT LOW PRICES.
To our usual good assortment of Silk, Silk and Lace Mantillas, and Cloth Raglans, we call the attention of Ladies wishing to combine STYLE and ECONOMY.
BROADWAY MANTILLA STORE,
479 BROADWAY.
See revolving figures in the windows.

20,000 ACTIVE and HONORABLE YOUNG MEN are wanted in every State in the Union, to engage in a good and permanent business, which will yield a clear profit of $5000 yearly. No Lottery Scheme, Book Agency, or Patent Medicine speculation. No Capital required; and business such that every Farmer and Mechanic may engage in it without interfering with their regular business. For particulars, address,
J. C. HART & CO.,
Box 1042, Baltimore, Md.

AN IMPORTER'S SALE
OF
PARIS MANTILLAS,
Manufactured by the celebrated artist,
JEAN DE LA MAIR,
OF THE
VILLA LA FRANCE,
At 599 BROADWAY, opposite the Metropolitan Hotel,
For the New York city trade.
In consequence of the still uncertain state of the wholesale trade, the subscriber has determined to close out at retail, for cash, the whole of his spring and summer importations for the popular trade, and now offers to the
LADIES OF NEW YORK
And vicinity, at the cost of importation,
The following articles:
Guipure lace mantillas.
Pusher lace mantillas.
Cambria lace mantillas.
Chantilly lace mantillas.
Pusher lace points.
Pusher lace centres.
Black silk and net mantillas.
Black silk and lace mantillas.
Black silk and guipure mantillas.
As the sale will continue for the limited space of sixty days, during which time he must close out the entire valuable stock of
LADIES' OUTER GARMENTS,
to enable him to return to Europe.
599 BROADWAY,
Opposite the Metropolitan Hotel.

EMPLOYMENT.—Pleasant and Profitable.—Young men in every neighborhood may have healthful, pleasant, and profitable employment by engaging in the sale of our new and valuable books, and canvassing for our popular family journals. Our new and useful books *should* be placed within the reach of *every family in the land*. Thousands of copies *might* be sold where they have never yet been introduced. A few dollars—say $15 or $25—is enough to commence with. Young men, teachers, clergymen, traveling agents, *all* may engage in this good enterprise, with profit to themselves and great good to others. Our first class journals are every where popular, and canvassers will find them well adapted to the wants of the people in every neighborhood. For terms and particulars, address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

ILLUSTRATED OUR FAMILY JOURNALS.
"Life Illustrated" (Weekly), at $2 a year.
"The Phrenological Journal," at $1 a year.
"The Water-Cure Journal," at $1 a year.
For Three Dollars, a copy of each is sent a year. Please address FOWLER & WELLS, New York.
Specimens sent when desired.
These journals are among the most valuable periodicals published in this country.—*Albany Journal.*

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA.

Great Thermal Watering Place of the American Continent!!

NATURE'S REMEDY FOR CHRONIC DISEASES!

The hotel at this place will be open for the reception of visitors on the first of June next. In the number of its Mineral Springs, the variety of their temperatures, and their extraordinary remedial powers in many of the most serious, painful, and dangerous Chronic Diseases that afflict the human race, this Watering Place offers to INVALIDS suffering from the maladies in which THERMAL WATERS are indicated, advantages and facilities for the recovery of health which can be found at no other in the United States.

The supply of mineral water is most abundant, and the bathing establishment for the next season will consist of NINE BATHS, constantly supplied with fresh water from different springs of various temperatures, from 78° to 106° Fahrenheit.

In all cases of acute disease, the *hot baths* are contra-indicated, but in the chronic forms of

Gout,
Rheumatism,
Diseases of the Liver, with its complications,
Paralysis, free from inflammatory action,
Neuralgia,
Old injuries to the Muscles and Joints,
Enlarged Glands,
Visceral engorgements and obstructions,
Spinal irritation,
Chronic Diarrhœa, and some
Diseases peculiar to Females,

the remedial properties of the waters of the VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS are unrivaled. Many cases of the diseases enumerated above, which had resisted not only the most skillful medical treatment, but in which other mineral waters of high repute had been used in vain, have been entirely cured by their use.

Of the vast number now suffering with these maladies, there are comparatively few, indeed, who would not be either perfectly restored or greatly relieved by these waters. When drank they are anti-acid, mildly aperient, and freely diuretic and diaphoretic. Used as a general bath, they equalize an unbalanced circulation, and *restore to the different important organs of the system, when torpid, that natural and healthy sensibility without which they can not perform their respective functions, and the beneficial action of all remedies will be diminished or destroyed.* They act powerfully upon the Liver, Kidneys, and Skin; relax contracted tendons; promote glandular secretion; exert a salutary influence over the uterine system, and often relieve in a short time excruciating pain caused by disease in some vital organ.

Diseases Peculiar to Females, &c.

The suppression or painful performance of periodical functions peculiar to females, is frequently relieved in a short time by the use of the waters here.

Enlargement of the Prostate Gland.

Many cases of this dreadful and unmanageable disease, which had resisted the most skillful surgical treatment, have been thoroughly cured at the Hot Springs.

Diseases of the South.

In no class of human maladies have these waters been more eminently successful than in those which prevail in the Southern and Southwestern States.

"In that state of the body termed *cachectic*, the consequence of derangement of the stomach, liver, and spleen, among the residents of marshy countries, and distinguished by a pale or sallow complexion, puffy skin, swelled extremeties, languor, and disinclination to motion of any kind," the baths here often act like a charm. In *chronic diarrhœa*, they are powerfully and rapidly curative.

In obstinate TORPOR OF THE LIVER and in the *enlarged condition of the Liver and Spleen*, which so frequently follows the bilious fevers of the South, their alterative and remedial powers are, it is confidently believed, unsurpassed by those of any other remedy known to the human race.

In many cases *where the healthy secretion of the liver* had been *partially suppressed* for years, a course of these waters has brought back the secretion of healthy bile; and in others, where the *liver had been engorged and enlarged*, the sufferers have been relieved and restored to perfect health by the use of the baths at this place.

The attention of persons suffering with these maladies is particularly called to the cases of Mr. F. B. Clark, of Mobile, Ala.; of the Hon. John L. Manning, of South Carolina; and also to the highly important and interesting letter of Dr. Landon Rives, of Roanoke County, Va., one of the most accomplished medical men in the State.

Pleasure Baths.

Besides the hot baths for invalids, there are at this place two of the most delightful and exhilarating pleasure baths in the world.

The Ladies' Pleasure Bath is octagon in its shape, and 18 feet in diameter. It is of the temperature of 86° Fahrenheit. The water is soft and alkaline in its character, and contains all the ingredients of the Schlangenbad Spa of Germany, which is renowned over all Europe for its *cosmetic properties.* An analysis of the Virginia Spring shows that it holds in solution sulphuric acid, carbonic acid, chlorine, soda, lime, and magnesia.

The large swimming or pleasure bath for gentlemen is 78° Fahrenheit in temperature, and is supplied with water from the ERWIN SPRING, so called in compliment to a distinguished gentleman of the State of Alabama, whose statement of his own remarkable cure of paralysis by the use of the *Hot Springs' baths* will be found below. In its chemical composition, the Erwin Spring is almost identical with the *New Schlangenbad*, as the spring which rises in the Ladies Pleasure Bath is called. These waters impart softness to the skin, and, when used as a bath, their remedial and tonic powers in cases of NERVOUS and MUSCULAR *debility and irritation* can not be excelled.

Location, Climate, &c., of the Hot Springs.

This place is distant only twenty miles from the Millboro' Depot of the Virginia Central Railroad, and, except those 20 miles, has an unbroken railroad connection with the principal cities on the Atlantic seaboard.

The Springs are situated in one of the narrow valleys with which the mountains abound. The scenery around is wild, romantic, and beautiful; and the climate in summer delightful, salubrious, and invigorative. The thermometer seldom rises higher than 85 degrees, and there is rarely a foggy morning.

The Hotel accommodations are of the first class, and good music will be in attendance.

A large brick building, containing a fine ball room and many excellent lodging rooms, is now in process of construction, and will be completed early in the summer.

Route.—From all the principal cities on the Atlantic seaboard, by railroad, to the Millboro' depot of the Virginia Central Road; thence by stage-coaches twenty miles over a well graded turnpike to the springs. Passengers leaving Richmond, Virginia, or Baltimore, Maryland, in the morning, can come through to this place same day to supper.

Certificates of Cure, &c.

A few certificates of remarkable cures, performed by these waters, will be found below. The attention of invalids is respectfully invited to them; also to the letter of Dr. Rives, and to the opinion of Dr. Wood, as expressed in his work on the Practice of Medicine, in regard to the value of these waters in Chronic Gout, Hepatitis, and Rheumatism.

Opinion of Dr. George B. Wood, of Philadelphia.

This distinguished physician, the Professor of the Practice of Medicine in the University of Pennsylvania, and one of the most eminent medical men of the age, in the second edition of his work on the Practice of Medicine—the most valuable treatise on that subject in the English language—says, at page 464, vol. 1, under the head of GOUT, "The *Hot Springs* of Virginia are sometimes very beneficial."

Under the head of Chronic Rheumatism, page 443, vol. 1, Dr. Wood remarks: "The *hot bath*, taken daily, and persevered in for a considerable time, often does much good; and obstinate local affections sometimes give way to a stream of hot water, directed upon them, or the hot douche. A visit to the Hot Springs, in Virginia, may be recommended." At page 461, vol. 2, of the same work, under the head of Chronic Hepatitis: "The Hot Springs of Virginia have also been found very useful, employed in the form of bath."

Letter of Dr. Rives—his opinion of the Hot Springs' baths in Gout, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Menstrual Derangements, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, &c., &c.

Roanoke, *April* 2, 1858.

Dear Sir,—After suffering for two years excruciating pain, from Chronic Rheumatism, I determined to try the effects of the Hot Springs' baths, for this disease. In accordance with this determination, I spent about two weeks, last September, at your Springs (my occupations not giving me more leisure at that season), and I was, for a time, somewhat disappointed at the result, as my pains were rather increased for a month after my return home. But, during the whole of the past winter, I have been entirely free from this painful malady, notwithstanding constant exposure to the inclemencies of the weather in the practice of my profession. I attribute the cessation of these rheumatic pains entirely to the effect of the Hot Springs' baths.

I observed that the primary effect of the baths upon the circulation of the blood was excitant, and the secondary effect sedative; which accounts in part for the curative properties of your baths in chronic diseases, especially where depositions or morbid alterations have occurred in the tissues. Along with this excitement of the circulation of the blood, is a corresponding excitation of the absorbent vessels, which, in chronic diseases, generally are inactive. These vessels are stimulated to the performance of their natural functions, and the result is, that the deposits which have been left in the tissues by previous disease are reabsorbed, and these tissues restored to their normal structure and function. The secondary sedative effect insures the patient against the danger of an inflammatory action. Thus stimulated, from day to day, the absorbent vessels regain their wonted office, and disease gradually disappears. This is, without doubt, the *rationale* of the way in which the Hot Springs' baths cure the chronic forms of Rheumatism, Gout, Menstrual Derangements dependent on ulceration of the womb, Syphilis, Enlargement of the Prostate Gland, deformities from old injuries, &c., &c.

What assistance is derived from the chemical constituents of the waters I am unable to determine; but I should think their influence must be potent, or such results would hardly have obtained as I witnessed in the above-named diseases, and in Paralysis, Torpidity, and Enlargement of the Liver, Enlargement of the Spleen, Jaundice, and in some forms of Chronic Diarrhœa. The spout baths proved in my own, and in many other cases, as active a stimulant to the liver as calomel itself. From personal observation, and upon the representation of many intelligent visitors, I have no hesitation in recommending persons afflicted with any of the diseases I have enumerated, to resort to the Hot Springs as the most pleasant mode of obtaining relief. I certainly expect to avail myself of the advantage of these baths for a short time every summer.

With sentiments of the highest regard, I remain your friend and obedient servant,

LANDON RIVES, *M. D.*

Mr. Samuel Goode, *Hot Springs.*

Liver Disease, with Diarrhœa, &c.

Case of Francis B. Clark, Esq., of Mobile, Ala.—"One of the most extraordinary cures ever effected by any Mineral Waters."

Hot Springs, Va., *Sept.* 23, 1856.

Dear Sir,—I most cheerfully comply with your request that I should furnish you with some particulars of my case, which has been so happily relieved by the use of the Hot Baths.

From April, 1849, until June, 1854, I was a constant sufferer from Chronic Diarrhœa, which, supervening upon an attack of something like Cholera, was so obstinate as to evade the best medical skill, North and South. I would sometimes, from the use of medicines, obtain partial relief, and gain sufficient strength to engage in active pursuits—but only for a brief period—to be again prostrated under an acute attack upon the slightest exposure, from which new remedies were required to raise me—those which had previously proved efficacious failing to make any favorable impression when taken the second time. The liver was undoubtedly the seat of my disease, and was so torpid that it could only be goaded into feeble action under the use of mercurials—subsiding again into its former condition when their use was suspended. In fact, my system did not seem to furnish the elements of the biliary secretion. At times I became so feeble and emaciated, from the effects of this distressing disease, that it seemed impossible for me to rally again. The various watering places, which were recommended by sympathizing friends, were tried, but without avail. Cooper's Well and Bladon Springs afforded temporary relief, but the disease returned upon me, shortly after leaving them, with as great severity as before. The Cold Water Cure was tried for a few days, from which I barely escaped with life. I had nearly despaired of ever obtaining relief, and came to the mountains of Virginia to visit the Rockbridge Alum, in June, 1854, as a dernier resort. For two weeks I improved there slightly, but afterwards lost ground rapidly, and at the end of three weeks was confined to my bed. These waters, evidently, did not suit my case; and after a week's confinement, being sufficiently strengthened by the use of medicine to bear a short journey, I came over to the Warm Springs. At that place I learned from some of the visitors, incidentally, of the value of the Hot Springs in cases of Diarrhœa. I came over and gave them a trial—commencing at the temperate bath for a day or two, and afterward alternating between the "Hot Douche" and the "Boiler bath." I soon became conscious of a sensible amendment of my symptoms, and began to improve in flesh and strength. I continued bathing for a fortnight, and left for the Red Sweet Springs, where I remained a week, and again returned to the Hot Springs, bathing as before for another fortnight. My improvement was steady and progressive; and when I left the mountains in October, 1854, I was restored to comparative health, and had gained in weight from 109 lbs. to 132 lbs. I could walk several miles without fatigue, and altogether felt myself to be a new man. I returned home (to Mobile) in November, and during the succeeding winter had again a return of my complaint, but milder in form, and much more manageable than before. In June, 1855, I returned to the Hot Springs, and the use of the baths was attended with the same happy effects as in 1854. Alternating between the Hot and the Red Sweet Springs, I became entirely restored, and returned home well, and have remained well.

I am again a visitor at the Hot Springs the present season, for the purpose of fortifying my system against any lingering predisposition that may remain, and shall, if life is spared, probably return here for several seasons to come, in order to confirm what I really consider to have been one of the most extraordinary cures ever effected by any mineral waters.

If this hastily written statement shall induce any person who may be suffering under like afflictions, to obtain relief by following the course which I have pursued with such happy results, I shall be much gratified.

Yours very truly,

FRANCIS B. CLARK,

Dr. Thomas Goode. Of Mobile, Ala.

Case of the Hon. John L. Manning, of S. C.

Dr. Goode: *Dear Sir:* A long indisposition from the effects of a deranged state of my liver, led me to try the Hot Spout Bath at your Springs. I had previously remained four or five weeks at the White Sulphur, from which I had derived much advantage, but not so much as to make me believe that I could not be further benefitted by the use of the Hot Baths.

Its effect upon me was immediate, and as powerful as I had been led to suppose, producing a free action of the liver. I continued to use them eight or nine days with equally happy effects. Entertaining, as I do, the highest opinion of the efficacy of the Hot Springs in all cases of a diseased liver, I am led to give you this simple statement for the benefit of others who may stand as much in need of them as myself.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

JOHN L. MANNING,

Of South Carolina.

Hot Springs in Paralysis.

Case of Col. Jno. Erwin, of Greensboro, Ala. His opinion of the waters in Paralysis, Neuralgia, Liver Disease, and Chronic Diarrhœa.

Hot Springs, Va., *Sept.* 2, 1856.

Dear Sir: Having spent portions of four summers at this place, and used the waters freely, it affords me great satisfaction to give you the result of my experience of their beneficial effects on myself, as also of what I know of them on others.

In the winter of 1853—54, I had an attack of paralysis of my right side—*Hemiplegia*—which prostrated me to such a degree that I was, for some time, unable to walk; nor could I hold a pen in my fingers so as to write my name or make a letter of the alphabet. By the use of ordinary remedies and very strict regimen in my diet, I recovered so far as to be able to go about, though with difficulty. Having, from what information I could obtain, become impressed with the great value of thermal waters in the treatment of this most shocking disease, and having previously visited this place and acquired some knowledge of the medicinal character of its waters, I determined to come here to see what they would do for me in my afflicted condition. So soon as my situation and the season permitted, I accordingly did so, and arrived early in July, 1854. I remained three weeks, bathing regularly every day, first in the Temperate Bath and then in the Hot Spout. On leaving here I made a short visit to the Salt Sulphur Springs, in Monroe County, whence I returned here and remained a week more, and bathed every day in the Hot Spout Bath. The result was, I felt signally benefitted, and returned home greatly improved—so much so, that to a casual observer nothing appeared to be the matter with me.

I have now, this summer ('56), been here altogether three weeks and a half, and have, during that time, bathed regularly once a day in the Temperate Bath; and am now prepared to return home, with the gratifying conviction that I am entirely and permanently relieved, and feel that this happy result has mainly been owing to the use of the thermal waters at this place. So much for my own personal experience.

I know of several other cases in which the subjects of them received great benefit from the use of the waters here, and such is my confidence in their virtue, that I am thoroughly persuaded they will, if their use be persisted in, and prudence in diet be observed, with moderate but regular exercise, either on foot or otherwise, cure any ordinary case of paralysis, either general or local. The boy John, who attends the Hot Spout Bath, furnishes a striking case to show the correctness of this opinion. After being very badly afflicted, he assures me that he does not feel the slightest vestige of the disease remaining—the truth of which is apparent to every one who sees him; and he was cured here by the use of the Temparate Bath only.

While here in 1854, I made the acquaintance of a gentleman who resided near Winchester, who informed me that he had been paralyzed so badly as to be unable to walk or speak. When I met with him he had the appearance of enjoying robust health; and he told me that his restoration to health was owing to the use of the Hot Springs' Baths. I could mention other cases, where persons had been signally benefitted by the use of the baths here, but as they must be well known to you, and the subjects of them are accessible, I prefer to let them speak for themselves.

I know of a few cases where the use of these waters have had very happy effects in Neuralgia and Rheumatism; of the former, a lady of my acquaintance in Alabama furnishes an instance; and Richard Norris, jr., of Baltimore, one of the latter.

I am satisfied, from actual experience, that the use of the hot water at this place often has an excellent effect on the liver; and in chronic diarrhœa I have greater confidence in its efficacy than any thing with which I am conversant.

Mr. F. B. Clarke, of Mobile, Ala., is mainly indebted to it for his restoration to health, from the worst condition, and after all other remedies had failed. Hoping my experience and observation may be the means of extending a knowledge of the waters of the Hot Springs to others who may be afflicted, and of giving a wider scope to their already high fame,

I remain, Sir, with high respect, your ob't serv't,

JNO. ERWIN,

Dr. Thos. Goode. Of Greensboro', Ala.

Rheumatism.

Case of thirty-two years' duration cured in two weeks!

Alexandria, Va., *August* 14, 1856.

Dear Sir: Having been induced by my family and friends to visit the Hot Springs in the year 1852, for the cure of Rheumatism, which I had contracted by having taken a severe cold as early as the year 1819 (and when first taken I was confined to my bed for the space of one year). I arrived at the Spring on the 22d July, 1852. At that time I was completely prostrated, having lost my appetite and spirits, and my general health very much impaired. The morning I arrived I was unable to ascend the steps of the hotel without assistance. After having taken the third temperate bath, I was able to walk, and even run without pain. My stay at the Springs was two weeks, during which time I took nine Temperate and Hot Spouts and one Boiler Bath, and felt myself entirely cured of Rheumatism, and had not, for a year after leaving the Springs, as much pain in my limbs as I had previously in any one day for 32 years—being the space of time I had been afflicted with the disease. My general health was thoroughly restored by the free use of the waters—having drank much of them while in the bath and during the day in my room. I consider my cure as a great triumph of the medicinal and curative properties of the water of the Hot Springs, and feel grateful that my steps were turned in that direction. I have been a visitor at the Hot Springs every year since 1852. Not having used the water of any other of the Springs of Virginia, I attribute my cure to the Hot Springs, and none other.

In this connection permit me to state, that by the advice of one of my friends, a patient of Dr. D. M. French, of Pearisburg, Giles County, Va., by the name of Farley (I think) was recommended to visit the Hot Springs in August, 1854. He was severely afflicted with Chronic Rheumatism, and was scarcely able to move about, his limbs very much swollen and joints enlarged. He remained during the time I staid, being about two weeks, then left for his home a well man. I heard from him but a few days ago; he was in good health, and entirely free from Rheumatism.

I give you the above statement that others who are afflicted with disease may come to the healing well of water, and, like me, return to their families and friends in high health and renewed strength. A similar statement to the above of my own case I addressed to you by lettter in the year of 1853, and learned to-day, for the first time, with regret, that the communication never reached you.

The foregoing you are at liberty to use as you may deem best for afflicted humanity.

Very respectfully, your friend,

Dr. Thos. Goode. P. G. UHLER.

Residence: No. 15 North Washington Street, Alexandria, Va.

Case of Muscoe Garnett, of Essex Co., Va.

Hot Springs, Va., *August* 18, 1856.

Dear Sir: At your request I very cheerfully give you a history of my cure of a most violent and distressing case of Rheumatism. In the month of June, 1833, from great exposure in the past winter and the too sudden checking of a diarrhœa, I was attacked with Acute Rheumatism, which ultimately spread itself from the crown of my head to the soles of my feet. My sufferings were sometimes so great that my screams might be heard at a distance; and the hottest steam that could be brought to bear upon my feet and knees was a relief from the agony of the pain with which I suffered. To such an extent was the steam used that the soles of my feet were literally crisped, and yet the pain of the burning was nothing when compared with the pain of Rheumatism. This continued until the muscles of my legs and knees became so contracted that they might be truly said to be doubled up, and my arms and jaws almost useless. I could use but one arm, and that only enough, by resting on my heart, to bring such food as I could take to my mouth. I could only open my mouth wide enough to get in a little soaked cracker, or something equally soft. In this condition, being as helpless as a new-born babe, I was placed in my carriage on pillows, in the month of August, and started for the Warm and Hot Springs. I staid and bathed a few days at the Warm, and came on to the Hot, at which latter place I remained some three or four weeks, taking the Boiler and the Hot Spout each day alternately. I had to be carried to and from the bath on a litter, and had to be put in and taken out. I went to no other Springs, took no medicine, except to drink the hot water freely. Before leaving I walked about with my cane, rode on horseback, and went home rejoicing in renewed health and strength; and from that day to this I have never met with one afflicted with Rheumatism that I have not advised them at once to go to the Hot Springs. It is Nature's own remedy.

I might add to this case of my own some cases which I witnessed while at the Springs, if any thing more remarkable than my own. One I will mention, that of an old sea captain, who, being wholly unable to walk, brought with him a most athletic Irishman, who carried him about upon his brawny shoulders. This old man, from great exposure or some other cause, had lost the use of one leg, and so insensible was his foot, that, by some accident on his journey, one of his toes was nearly cut off, and he was unaware of the injury until some time after. Before I left the Springs, this old man was walking about, merely resting his hand upon the shoulder of his attendant.

Very respectfully yours,

MUSCOE GARNETT, *of Essex, Va.*

Dr. Goode.

Injuries to the Muscles, Joints, and Tendons.

Case of the Hon. John Y. Mason, since Attorney-General of the United States, Minister to France, &c. He "regarded himself as indebted to the Hot Springs for his leg."

Southampton, *15th February*, 1843.

Dear Sir: Having derived the most important benefit from the use of the Spout Bath at the Hot Springs, it gives me pleasure to comply with your request, and bear testimony to its virtues.

In the month of August, 1829, a horse ran away with me in a gig—I leaped out, fractured the small bone in my leg, and injured the patilla or knee-pan most severely. A tedious confinement was the consequence. When I was sufficiently recovered to leave my bed, I found the leg so contracted that I could not walk without the aid of crutches. Indeed, when standing erect, my foot did not reach the ground by four inches. The limb shrunk from inaction, and, fearing I should be a cripple for life, I visited Philadelphia, and consulted Dr. Physic. He told me my case was hopeless, and surgical aid would be of no avail. I returned home and went to the Hot Springs. I had then been on crutches more than twelve months; my left leg was not half the size of the right, and so contracted that I could not get the foot to the ground. The very first bath relaxed the contraction, my leg became straight, and I walked back to my cabin without crutches. I used the bath once a day for about three weeks. The limb was gradually restored, and I have never used crutches since. I regard myself as indebted to the Hot Springs for my leg.

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant and friend,

Dr. Thomas Goode. J. Y. MASON.

Gout.

Case of T. Fleming.

Mannsville, Goochland County, Virginia,
August 25, 1856.

Dear Sir: Agreeably to your request, I send you the following certificate:

Ten years ago I was taken with a violent inflammatory rheumatic gout, and I suffered the tortures of an inquisition for four years. In 1850 I went to the Hot Springs, and after taking three or four baths, I was enabled to walk without the aid of stick or crutch. I remained at the Hot Springs fourteen days, and went home apparently well; so much so, I thought it useless for me to return the following summer, and therefore did not go. But, unfortunately, the next spring I was taken with the most violent attack I ever had, which lasted me for four months; the greater part of my time confined to my bed and on crutches. I then determined I would visit the Hot Springs every year, which I have done regularly, and, am happy to say, have never had an attack since.

Very respectfully yours, &c.,

Dr. Thomas Goode. T. FLEMING.

There is nothing doubtful or empirical in the use of Mineral Waters for the cure of Chronic Diseases. In Europe the "affirmative and approving voices of many centuries, of many physicians of the first eminence, and (what is better still) of many patients who have been cured by the Mineral Waters, after having in vain tried all the resources of art,"* attest their pre-eminent value. And there is abundant evidence in my possession to prove that, in their power to subvert DISEASE and to restore HEALTH, in the maladies for which they are recommended, the VIRGINIA HOT SPRINGS are not excelled by any mineral water on the face of the globe.

☞ The Hot Springs Pamphlet, containing an analysis of the water, with cases of cure, &c., will be sent by mail to any person who may request it.

S. GOODE,
Hot Springs, Va., *May* 15, 1858.

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* Dr. Granville's Spas of Germany.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—This pleasant, simple, and most efficacious vegetable remedy for purifying the blood, and the cure of scrofulous and cutaneous diseases, may be taken at this season with the greatest benefit by every one. The only caution necessary to be used is to obtain the original and genuine article.

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